





THE
IDYLLIUMS
OF
THEOCRITUS
WITH
RAPIN's Discourse
OF
PASTORALS

Done into English.

*Hic igitur versus, & cætera ludicra pono :
Quod verbum atq; bonum est inquirò, & totus in
hoc sum.*

OXFORD:

Printed for *Anthony Stephens*, Bookseller near the
Theatre, and are to be sold in *London* by *Abel*
Swalle at the Unicorn at the West end of *S. Pauls*, 1684.

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To
His Honoured Friend
ARTHUR CHARLET
A.M. Fellow of *Trinity College*
in *O X O N.*

SIR,

T*His in its several parts being address'd to my Intimate Acquaintance, desires a Patron of the same rank; and hath pitch'd on You as the most able to endure, and most ready to oblige by accepting a greater trouble than the rest: It is the defence of the Whole that you must be engag'd in, whilst the others singly are charged only with a Part: and in this I have followed the example of the Antients, who tho they had one of the Lares to*

A 2 *preside*

2
preside over every little room, yet the whole house was dedicated to some Common Guardian: This Distinction proceeded either from a real inequality of Power in the Protectors, or from the difference of those benefits which They were suppos'd to have actually bestow'd: As to the former consideration, every one that knows my Friends will easily allow that each singly is sufficient for the whole, tho, by reason of my imperfections, a great task: But the latter, Sir, gives You the preference, and Gratitude forceth me to believe his power to be greatest, who hath most often, and most signally exprest it: Innumerable private Favours I must acknowledge the same way they were bestow'd, and spare your Modesty and my own: for otherwise it would seem that I
thought

thought there was something in myself
worth your notice ; or else I must pub-
lickly proclaim, that You (which tho'
'tis really your Case, yet very few can
boast) are kind and generous without
any prospect of return : But those
which properly relate to the present oc-
casion I must beg leave to mention, since
Pliny, and all agree, hath severely
noted as the greatest Ingratitude not to
acknowledge to whom we owe what we
have attain'd ; and it would argue stu-
pidity to run wilfully on that Censure,
which hath been so justly pass'd, and so
much applauded.

You may remember Sir how often,
when the publick Cares of your well-
managed Office would permit you to
retreat, we have retir'd to a Grove,
where Quiet spreads all around, and a
springing

springing verdure, and chequer'd variety to raise the Thoughts and recreate the Fancy; whilst soft breezes murmur'd thro' the Trees, which, like our Affections, serv'd only to intermix, but never to shatter or disturb: There I have enjoy'd whatever the Poets could imagine, a free innocent, and instructive discourse, such as reform'd my Errors, and encourag'd those Essays which you was pleas'd to think endeavors after vertue; till then I envied the happiness of the described Swains, and lookt on Virgil and Theocritus as disturbers of Man kind, who elaborately describ'd the most perfect and surprizing Beautys, but gave us no Hopes either to see or to enjoy. The Golden age was their scene, and 't was necessary to look beyond Jupiter himself

self to find any thing innocent or pleasing; and how tedious such a search must be, every one may imagine, who considers that 'tis very hard to take so large a prospect, especially when there is nothing but a bare Contemplation to excite, and reward his Diligence: The time Sir, I found brought back again by your conversation, and all those difficulties (τὰ πολλὰ Θεοκρίτου) which were so even to a Proverb, practically explain'd: so that whatever in this performance is drawn soft, innocent, and pleasing; is but a Copy from You the Original: This is the happiness that attends polite Learning, it smoothes all the natural Asperities of Humor and Passion, and spreads an obligeing tenderness thro the whole Man, And where the Cause
is

is in so eminent a degree, and the Effect too necessary, what can hinder the Production? These are the reasons that have determin'd my acknowledgements for former, and given me encouragement to beg a new Obligation, To accept this, and pardon its defects Will be a very considerable one to

Sir,

All-Souls Coll.
July 12. 1684.

Your most

Humble Servant

THOMAS CREECH.

A
T R E A T I S E

de CARMINE PASTORALI

Written by R A P I N.

The First Part.

TO be as short as possible in my discourse upon the present Subject, I shall not touch upon the Excellency of *Poetry* in general ; nor repeat those high *Encomiums*, (as that tis the most divine of all human Arts, and the like) which *Plato* in his *Jone*, *Aristotele* in his *Poetica*, and other Learned men have copiously insisted on : And this I do that I might more closely and briefly pursue my present design, which, no doubt, will not please every man ; for since I treat of that part of *Poetry*, which (to use *Quintilian's* words) by reason of its Clownishness, is afraid of the Court and City ; some may imagine that I follow *Nichocaris* his humor, who would paint only the most ugly and deform'd, and those too in the meanest and most frightful dress, that real, or fancy'd Poverty could put them in.

(a)

For

For some think that to be a Sheopard is in it self mean, base, and sordid ; And this I think is the first thing that the graver and soberer sort will be ready to object.

But if we consider how honorable that employment is, our Objectors from that Topick will be easily answer'd : for as *Heroick* Poems owe their dignity to the Quality of *Heroes*, so *Pastorals* to that of *Sheapards*.

Now to manifest this, I shall not rely on the authority of the *Fabulous*, and *Heroick* Ages, tho, in the former, a God fed Sheep in *Thessaly*, and in the latter, *Hercules* the Prince of *Heroes*, (as *Paterculus* styles him) graz'd on mount *Aventine* : These Examples, tis true, are not convinceing, yet they sufficiently shew that the employment of a Sheopard was sometime look'd upon to be such, as in those *Fabulous* times was not altogether unbecomeing the *Dignity* of a *Heroe*, or the *Divinity* of a *God* : which consideration if it cannot be of force enough to procure excellence, yet certainly it may secure it from the imputation of baseness, since it was sometime lookt upon as fit for the greatest in Earth or Heaven.

But not to insist on the authority of *Poets*, *sacred Writt* tells us that *Jacob* and *Esau*, two great men, were Sheapards ; And *Amos*, one of the Royal Family, asserts the same of himself, for *He was among the Sheapards of Tecua*, following that employment : The like by Gods own appoint-
ment

ment prepared *Moses* for a Scepter, as *Philo* intimates in his life, when He tells us, *that a Sheapards Art is a suitable preparation to a Kingdome*; the same He mentions in the Life of *Joseph*, affirming that the care a Sheapard hath over his Cattle, very much resembles that which a King hath over his Subjects: The same *Basil* in his Homily de *S. Mamm. Martyre* hath concerning *David*, who was taken from following the Ews great with young ones to feed *Israel*, for He says that the Art of feeding and governing are very near akin, and even Sisters: And upon this account I suppose twas, that Kings amongst the *Greeks* reckoned the name of Sheapard one of their greatest titles, for, if we believe *Varro*, amongst the Antients, the best and bravest was still a Sheapard: Every body knows that the *Romans* the worthiest and greatest Nation in the World sprang from *Sheapards*: The Augury of the Twelve Vulturs plac'd a Scepter in *Romulus's* hand which held a Crook before; and at that time, as *Ovid* says,

His own small Flock each Senator did keep.

Lucretius mentions an extraordinary happiness, and as it were Divinity in a *Sheaperd's* life,

Thro Sheapards ease, and their Divine retreats.

And this is the reason, I suppose, why the solitude of the Country, the shady Groves, and security of that happy Quiet was so grateful to the Muses, for thus *Horace* represents them,

The Muses that the Country Love.

Which Observation was first made by *Mnasealce* the *Sicyonian* in his Epigram upon *Venus*.

The Rural Muse upon the Mountains feeds.

For sometimes the Country is so ravishing and delightful, that twill raise Wit and Spirit even in the dullest Clod, And in truth, amongst so many heats of Lust and Ambition which usually fire our Citys, I cannot see what retreat, what comfort is left for a chaste and sober Muse.

And to speak from the very bottome of my heart, (not to mention the integrity and innocence of Sheapards upon which so many have insisted, and so copiously declaimed) methinks he is much more happy in a Wood, that at ease contemplates this universe, as his own, and in it, the Sun and Stars, the pleasing Meadows, shady Groves, green Banks, stately Trees, flowing Springs, and the wanton windings of a River, fit objects for quiet innocence, than he that with Fire and Sword disturbs the World, and measures his possessions by the wast that lyes about him: *Augustus* in the remotest East fights for peace, but how tedious were his Voyages? how troublesome his Marches? how great his disquiets? what fears and hopes distracted his designs? whilst *Tityrus* contented with a little, happy in the enjoyment of his Love, and at ease under his spreading Beech.

Taught Trees to sound his Amaryllis name.

On

On the one side *Melibæus* is forc'd to leave his Country, and *Antony* on the other; the one a Sheapard, the other a great man, in the Commonwealth; how disagreeable was the Event? the Sheapard could endure himself, and sit down contentedly under his misfortunes, whilst lost *Antony*, unable to hold out, and quitting all hopes both for himself and his Queen, became his own barbarous Executioner: Than which sad and deplorable fall I cannot imagine what could be worse, for certainly nothing is so miserable as a Wretch made so from a flourishing & happy man; by which tis evident how much we ought to prefer before the gaiety of a great and shining State, that Idol of the Crowd, the lowly simplicity of a Sheapards Life: for what is that but a perfect image of the state of Innocence, of that golden Age, that blessed time, when Sincerity and Innocence, Peace, Ease, and Plenty inhabited the Plains?

Take the Poets description

*Here Lowly Innocence makes a sure retreat,
A harmless Life, and ignorant of deceit,
And free from fears with various sweet's encrease,
And all's o're spread with the soft wings of Peace:
Here Oxen low, here Grotts, and purling Streams,
And spreading shades invite to easy dreams.*

And thus *Horace*.

*Happy the man beyond pretence
Such was the state of Innocence, &c.*

And

And from this head I think the dignity of *Bucolicks* is sufficiently cleared, for as much as the Golden Age is to be preferr'd before the *Heroick*, so much *Pastorals* must excell *Heroick* Poems: yet this is so to be understood, that if we look upon the majesty and loftiness of *Heroick* Poems, it must be confest that they justly claim the preeminence; but if the unaffected neatness, elegant, graceful smartness of the expression, or the polite dress of a Poem be considered, then they fall short of *Pastorals*: for this sort flows with Sweet, Elegant, neat and pleasing fancies; as is too evident to every one that hath tasted the sweeter muses, to need a farther explication: for tis not probable that *Asinius Pollio*, *Cinna*, *Varius*, *Cornelius Gallus*, men of the neatest Wit, and that lived in the most polite Age, or that *Augustus Cæsar* the Prince of the Roman elegance, as well as of the common Wealth, should be so extremely taken with *Virgils Bucolicks*, or that *Virgil* himself a man of such singular prudence, and so correct a judgment, should dedicate his Eclogues to those great Persons; unless he had known that there is somewhat more then ordinary Elegance in those sort of Composures, which the wise perceive, tho' far above the understanding of the Crowd: nay if *Ludovicus Vives*, a very learned man, and admired for politer studies may be believed, there is somewhat more sublime and excellent in those *Pastorals*, than the Common
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sort of Grammarians imagine : This I shall discourse of in an other place , and now inquire into the Antiquity of Pastorals.

Since *Linus*, *Orpheus*, and *Eumolpus* were famous for their Poems, before the *Trojan* wars ; those are certainly mistaken, who date Poetry from that time ; I rather incline to their opinion who make it as old as the World it self ; which Assertion as it ought to be understood of Poetry in general, so especially of *Pastoral*, which, as *Scaliger* delivers, was the most antient kind of Poetry, and resulting from the most antient way of Liveing : *Singing first began amongst Sheapards as they fed their Flocks, either by the impulse of nature, or in imitation of the notes of Birds, or the whispering of Trees.*

The Antiquity of Pastoral.

For since the first men were either *Sheapards* or *Ploughmen*, and *Sheapards*, as may be gathered out of *Thucydides* and *Varro*, were before the others, they were the first that either invited by their leisure, or (which *Lucretius* thinks more probable) in imitation of Birds, began a tune.

*Thro all the Woods they heard the pleasing noise
Of chirping Birds, and try'd to frame their voice,
And Imitate, thus Birds instructed man,
And taught them Songs before their Art began.*

In short, tis so certain that Verses first began in the Country that the thing is in it self evident, and this *Tibullus* very plainly signifies,

First

*First weary at his Plough the labouring Hind
In certain feet his rustick words did bind :
His dry reed first he tun'd at sacred feasts
To thank the bounteous Gods, and cheer his Guests.*

In certain feet according to Bern Cilenius of Verona his interpretation in set measures : for Censorinus tells us, that the antient Songs were loose and not ty'd up to any strict numbers, and afterwards by certain laws and acknowledged rules were confin'd to such and such measures : for this is the method of Nature in all her works, from imperfect and rude beginnings things take their first rise, and afterwards by fit and apposite additions are polish'd, and brought to perfection : such were the Verses which heretofore the Italian Sheapards and Plough-men, as Virgil says, sported amongst themselves.

*Italian Plough-men sprung from antient Troy
Did sport unpolish'd Rhymes —————*

Lucretius in his Fifth Book de Natura Rerum, says, that Sheapards were first taught by the rushing of soft Breezes amongst the Canes to blow their Reeds, and so by degrees to put their Songs in tune.

*For Whilst soft Evening Gales blew o'er the Plains
And shook the sounding Reeds, they taught the
Swains,*

*And thus the Pipe was fram'd, and tuneful Reed,
And whilst the Flocks did then securely feed,
The harmless Sheapards tun'd their Pipes to Love,*

And

And Amaryllis name fill'd every Grove.

From all which tis very plain that *Poetry* began in those days, when Sheapards took up their employment: to this agrees *Donatus* in his *Life of Virgil*, and *Pontanus* in his *Fifth Book of Stars*, as appears by these Verses.

*Here underneath a shade by purling Springs
The Sheapards Dance, whilst sweet Amyntas sings;
Thus first the new found Pipe was tun'd to Love,
And Plough-men taught their Sweet hearts to the
Grove,*

Thus the *Fescennine* jests when they sang harvest-home, and then too the *Grape gatherers* and *Reapers Songs* began, an elegant example of which we have in the *Tenth Idyllium* of *Theocritus*.

From this birth, as it were, of *Poetry*, Verse began to grow up to greater matters; For from the common discourse of *Plough-men* and *Sheapards*, first *Comedy*, that Mistress of a private Life, next *Tragedy*, and then *Epick Poetry* which is lofty and *Heroical* arose, This *Maximus Tyrius* confirms in his *Twenty first dissertation*, where he tells us that *Plough-men* just coming from their work, and scarce cleansed from the filth of their employment, did use to flurt out some sudden and *extempore* Catches; and from this beginning Plays were produc'd, and the Stage erected: Thus

(b)

much

much concerning the *Antiquity*, next of the *Original* of this sort.

About this Learned men cannot agree, for who was the first Author, is not sufficiently understood; *Donatus*, tis true, tells us tis proper to the Golden Age, and therefore must needs be the product of that happy time: but who was the Author, where, what time it was first invented hath been a great Controversy, and not yet sufficiently determined: *Epicharmus* one of *Pythagoras* his School, in his *ἁλυσίον* mentions one *Dionysius* a *Sicilian*, who, if we believe *Athanasius* was the first that wrote *Pastorals*: those that fed Cattle had a peculiar kind of Poetry, call'd *Bucolicks*, of which *Dionysius* a *Sicilian* was inventer:

Diodorus Siculus ἐν τοῖς μυθολογικοῖς, seems to make *Daphnis* the son of *Mercury* and a certain *Nymph*, to be the Author; and agreeable to this, *Theon* an old scholiast on *Theocritus*, in his notes upon the first *Idyllum* mentioning *Daphnis*, adds, he was the Author of *Bucolicks*, and *Theocritus* himself calls him the *Muses Darling*: and to this Opinion of *Diodorus Siculus* *Polydore Virgil* readily assents.

Bur *Mnaseas* of *Patara* in a discourse of his concerning *Europa*, speaks thus of a Son of *Pan* the God of Sheapards: *Panis Filium Bubulcum à quo & Bucolice canere*: Now whether *Mnaseas* by that *Bubulcum*, means only a *Herdsmen*, or one skilled in *Bucolicks*, is uncertain: but if *Valla*'s judg-

judgment be good, tis to be taken of the latter : yet *Ælian* was of another mind, for he boldly affirms that *Stesichorus* called *Himeraus* was the first, and in the same place adds, that *Daphnis* the Son of *Mercury* was the first Subject of *Bucolicks*.

Some ascribe the Honor to *Bacchus* the President of the *Nymphs*, *Satyrs*, and the other Country Gods, perhaps becaule he delighted in the Country ; and others attribute it to *Apollo* called *Nomius* the God of Sheapards, and that he invented it then when he served *Admetus* in *Thessaly*, and fed his Herds : For, tis likely, he to recreate himself, and pass away his time, applied his mind to such Songs as were best suitable to his present condition : Many think we owe it to *Pan* the God of Sheapards, not a few to *Diana* that extremely delighted in solitude and Woods ; and some say *Mercury* himself: of all which whilst *Grammarians* prattle, according to their usual custome they egregiously trifle ; they suffer themselves to be put upon by Fables, and resign their judgment up to foolish pretentions, but things and solid truth is that we seek after.

As about the Author, so concerning the place of its Birth there is a great dispute, some say *Sparta*, others *Peloponesus*, but most are for *Sicily*.

Valla the *Placentine*, a curious searcher into Antiquity, thinks this sort of Poetry first appear'd amongst the *Lacedemonians*, for when the *Persians* had wasted almost all *Greece*, the *Spartans* say

that they for fear of the *Barbarians* fled into Caves and lurking holes ; and that the Country Youth then began to apply themselves in Songs to *Diana Caryatis* , together with the Maids, who midst their Songs offerd Flowers to the Goddess : which custome containing somewhat of Religion was in those places a long time very scrupulously observed.

Diomedes the Grammarian, in his treatise of *Measures*, declares *Sicily* to be the Place : for thus he says , the *Sicilian* Sheapards in time of a great *Pestilence* , began to invent new Ceremonies to appease incensed *Diana* , whom afterward , for affording her help, and stopping the Plague they called *Λύω* : i. e. the *Freer* from their Miserys. This grew into custom , and the Sheapards used to meet in Companies , to sing their deliverer *Diana's* praises, and these afterwards passing into *Italy* were there named *Bucoliasta*.

Pomponius Sabinus tells the story thus : When the Hymns the Virgins us'd to sing in the Country to *Diana* were left off, because, by reason of the present Wars, the Maidens were forc't to keep close within the Towns ; the Shepherds met, and sang these kind of Songs, which are now call'd *Bucolicks*, to *Diana* ; to whom they could not give the usual worship by reason of the Wars : But *Donatus* says, that this kind of Verses was first sung to *Diana* by *Orestes*, when he wandred about *Italy* ; after he fled from *Seythia Taurica*, and had

taken

taken away the Image of the Goddess, and hid it in a bundle of sticks, whence she receiv'd the name of *Fascelina*, or *Phacelide* ἀπὸ τῆς φακέλου: At whose Altar, the very same *Orestes* was afterward expiated by his Sister *Iphigenia*: But how can any one rely on such Fables, when the inconsiderable Authors that propose them disagree so much amongst themselves?

Some are of Opinion that the Shepherds, were wont in solem and set Songs about the Fields and Towns to celebrate the Goddess *Pales*; and beg her to bless their flocks and fields with a plentiful encrease, and that from hence the name, and composure of *Bucolicks* continued.

Other prying ingenious Men make other conjectures, as to this mazing Controversy thus *Vossius* delivers himself; *The Antients cannot be reconcil'd, but I rather incline to their opinion who think Bucolicks were invented either by the Sicilians or Peloponesians, for both those use the Dorick Dialect, and all the Greek Bucolicks are writ in that*: As for my self I think, that what *Horace* says of *Elegies* may be apply'd to the present Subject.

But who first Elegies was the first that wrote

Grammarians doubt, and cannot end the doubt:

For I find nothing certain about this matter, since neither *Valla* a diligent inquirer after, and a good judge in such things, nor any of the late writers produce any thing upon which I can safely rely: yet what beginning this kind of Poetry had

had, I think I can pretty well conjecture: for tis likely that first Shepherds us'd Songs to recreate themselves in their leisure hours whilst they fed their Sheep; and that each man, as his wit served, accommodated his Songs to his present Circumstances: to this Solitude invited, and the extream leisure that attends that employment absolutely requir'd it: For as their retirement gave them leisure, and Solitude a fit place for Meditation, Meditation and Invention produc'd a Verse, which is nothing else but a Speech fit to be sung, and so Songs began: Thus *Hesiod* was made a Poet, for he acknowledges himself that he receiv'd his inspiration;

Whilst under Helicon he fed his Lambs.

for either the leisure, or fancy of Shepherds seems to have a natural aptitude to Verse.

And indeed I cannot but agree with *Lucretius* that accurate Searcher into Nature, who delivers that from that state of Innocence the Golden Age, Pastorals continued down to his time, for after he had in his fifth book describ'd that most happy age, he adds,

For then the Rural Muses reign'd.

From whence 'tis very plain, that as *Donatus* himself observ'd, Pastorals were the invention of the simplicity and innocence of that Golden age, if there was ever any such, or certainly of that time which succeeded the beginning of the World: For tho the Golden Age must be acknowledged-

known to be only in the fabulous times,
yet 'tis certain that the Manners of the first Men
were so plain and simple, that we may easily de-
rive both the innocent employment of Shepherds,
and Pastorals from them.

The

The Second PART.

NOW let us inquire into the nature of *Pastoral*, in what its excellencies consist, and how it must be made to be exact: And this must needs be a hard Task, since I have no guide, neither *Aristotle* nor *Horace* to direct me, for both they, whatever was the matter, speak not one word of this sort of Verse. And I am of opinion that none can treat well and clearly of any kind of *Poetry* if he hath no helps from these two: But since they lay down some general Notions of *Poetry* which may be useful in the present case, I shall follow their steps as close as possible I can.

Not only *Aristotle* but *Horace* too hath defin'd that *Poetry* in general is Imitation; I mention only these two, for tho *Plato* in his Second Book *de Rep.* and in his *Timæus* delivers the same thing, I shall not make use of his Authority at all: Now as *Comedy* according to *Aristotle* is the Image and Representation of a gentle and City Life, so is *Pastoral Poetry* of a Country and Sheapards Life; for since *Poetry* in general is Imitation; its several *Species* must likewise Imitate, take *Aristotles* own words *Cap. 1. τὰς τετρακτὰς ἑστέ μίμνησιν*; And these *Species* are different

differenc^t either by the subject matter, when the
 things to be imitated are quite different, or when
 the manner in which you imitate, or the mode
 of imitation is so: ἐν ᾗτοι δὴ τὰ αὐτὰς διαφορὰς ἢ μὴ αὐτὰς
 ἐστίν, ἐν οἷς ἔχεται, καὶ οὕτως: Thus tho of *Epick* Poetry
 and *Tragedy* the Subject is the same, and some
 great illustrious Action is to be imitated by both,
 yet since one by representation, and the other
 by plain narration imitates, each makes a differ-
 ent *Species* of imitation. And *Comedy* and *Trage-*
dy, tho they agree in this, that both represent,
 yet because the Matter is different, and *Tragedy*
 must represent some brave action, and *Comedy* a
 humor; these Two sorts of imitation are *Specifi-*
cally different. And upon the same account, since
Pastoral chooses the mannes of Sheapards for its
 imitation, it takes from its matter a peculiar dif-
 ference, by which it is distinguish'd frō all others.

But here *Benius* in his comments upon *Aristotle*
 hath started a considerable query: which is this;
 Whether *Aristotle*, when he reckons up the differ-
 ent *Species* of Poetry *Cap. 1.* doth include *Pastoral*,
 or no? And about this I find learn'd men cannot
 at all agree: which certainly *Benius* should
 have determin'd, or not rais'd: some refer
 it to that sort which was sung to Pipes, for that
Pastorals were so *Apuleius* intimates, when at the
 marriage Feast of *Phyche* He brings in *Paniscus*
 singing *Bucolicks* to his Pipe: But since they did
 not seriously enough consider, what *Aristotle*
 meant

meant by that which he calls *δωλιμῶς* they trifle, talk idly, and are not to be heeded in this matter; For suppose some *Musitian* should sing *Virgils Æneis* to the Harp, (and *Ant. Lullus* says it hath been done,) should we therefore reckon that divine and incomparable Master of *Heroick Poetry* amongst the *Lyricks*?

Others with *Cassius Bassus* and *Isacius Tzetzes* hold that that distribution of *Poetry*, which *Aristotle* and *Tully* hath left us, is deficient and imperfect; and that only the chief Species are reckoned, but the more inconsiderable not mention'd: I shall not here interest my self in that quarrel of the *Criticks*, whether we have all *Aristotles* books of *Poetry* or no; this is a considerable difficulty I confess, for *Laertius* who accurately weighs this matter, says that he wrote two books of *Poetry*, the one lost, and the other we have, tho' *Mutmenfis* is of an other mind: but to end this dispute, I must agree with *Vossius*, who says the Philosopher comprehended these Species not expressly mentioned, under a higher and more noble head: and that therefore *Pastoral* was contain'd in *Epick*, for these are his own words, *besides there are Epicks of an inferior rank, such as the Writers of Bucolicks. Sincerus*, as *Minturnus* quotes him, is of the same mind, for thus he delivers his opinion concerning *Epick Verse*: *The matters about which these numbers may be employed is various; either mean and low, as in Pastorals, great and lofty, as when*

th

the Subject is *Divine Things*, or *Heroick Actions*, or of a middle rank, as when we use them to deliver precepts in : And this likewise he signifies before, where he sets down three sorts of *Epicks* : one of which, says he, is divine, and the most excellent by much in all Poetry ; the other the lowest but most pure, in which *Theocritus* excelled, which indeed shews nothing of Poetry beside the bare numbers : These points being thus settled, the remaining difficulties will be more easily dispatched.

For as in *Dramatick Poetry* the Dignity and meanness of the *Persons* represented make two different *Species of imitation*, the one *Tragick*, which agrees to none but great and *Illustrious persons*, the other *Comick*, which suits with common and gentile humors : so in *Epick* too, there may be reckoned two sorts of *Imitation*, one of which belongs to *Heroes*, and that makes the *Heroick* ; the other to *Rusticks* and *Sheapards* and that constitutes the *Pastoral*, now as a *Picture* imitates the *Features* of the face, so *Poetry* doth *action*, and is not a representation of the *Person* but the *Action*.

From all which we may gather this definition of *Pastoral* : It is the imitation of the Action of a *Shepard*, or of one taken under that character :

The Definition
of Pastoral

Thus *Virgil's Gallus*, tho not really a *Shepard*, for he was a man of great quality in *Rome*, yet belongs to *Pastoral*, because he is represented like a *Shepard* : hence the Poet :

*The Goatherd and the heavy Heardsmen came,
And ask't what rais'd the deadly Flame.*

Th Scene lys amongst Sheapards, the Swains are brought in, the *Herdsmen* come to see his misery, and the fiction is suited to the real condition of a *Sheapard*; the same is to be said for his *Silenus*, who tho he seems lofty, and to sound to loud for an oaten reed, yet since what he sings he sings to *Sheapards*, and suits his Subject to their apprehensions, his is to be acknowledged *Pastoral*. This rule we must stick to, that we might infallibly discern what is stricktly *Pastoral* in *Virgil* and *Theocritus*, and what not: for in *Theocritus* there are some more lofty thoughts which not having any thing belonging to Sheapards for their Subject, must by no means be accounted *Pastoral*, But of this more in its proper place.

My present inquiry must be what is the *Subject Matter* of a *Pastoral*, about which it is not easy to resolve; since neither from *Aristotle*, nor any of the *Greeks* who have written *Pastorals*, we can receive certain direction. For sometimes they treat of high and sublime things, like *Epick Poets*; what can be loftier than the whole *Seaventh Idyllium* of *Bias* in which *Myrsan* urges *Lycidas* the Sheapard to sing the Loves of *Deidamia*, and *Achilles*. For he begins from *Helen's* rape, and goes on to the revengful fury of the *Atrides*, and shuts up in one *Pastoral*, all that is great and sounding in *Homers Iliad*.

And

Sparta was fir'd with Rage

And gather'd force to prosecute Revenge.

And *Theocritus* his verses are sometimes as sounding and his thoughts as high: for upon serious consideration I cannot mind what part of all the *Heroicks* is so strong and sounding as that *Idyllum* on *Hercules* *ἡρωϊκόμῳ* in which *Hercules* himself tells *Phyleus* how he kill'd the Lyon whose Skin he wore: for, not to mention many, what can be greater than this expression.

And gaping Hell received his mighty Soul:

Why should I instance in the *δίκαιος*, which hath not one line be'ow Heroick; the greatness of this is almost inexpressible.

*ἀνὴρ ὑπέρτατος ἐν ἡμέρῃ, ἐν δὲ δάσσει
δαίμονι δαίμων.*

And some other pieces are as strong as these, such is the *Panegyrick* on *Ptolemy*, *Helen's Epithalamium* and the Fight of young *Percules* and the Snakes: now how is it likely that such Subjects should be fit for *Pastorals*, of which, in my opinion, the same may be said which *Ovid* doth of his *Cydippe*.

Cydippe, Homer, doth not fit thy Muse.

For certainly *Pastorals* ought not to rise to the Majesty of *Heroicks*: but who on the other side dares

dares reprehend such great and judicious Authors, whose very doing it is Authority enough? What shall I say of *Virgil*? who in his *Sixth Eclogue* hath put together almost all the particulars of the fabulous Age; what is so high to which *Silenus* that Master of Mysterys doth not soar?

*For lo! he sung the Worlds stupendious birth,
How scatter'd seeds of Sea, of Air, and Earth,
And purer fire thro universal night
And empty space did fruitfully unite:
From whence th innumerable race of things
By circular successive order springs:*

And afterward

*How Pyrra's Stony race rose from the ground,
And Saturn reign'd with Golden plenty crown'd,
How bold Prometheus (whose untam'd desire,
Rival'd the Sun with his own Heavenly Fire)
Now doom'd the Scythian Vulturs endless prey
Severely pays for Animating Clay:*

So true, so certain 'tis, that nothing is so high and lofty to which *Bucolicks* may not successfully aspire. But if this be so, what will become of *Macrobius*, *Georgius Valla*, *Julius Scaliger*, *Vossius*, and the whole company of *Grammarians*? who all affirm that simplicity and meanness is so essential to *Pastorals*, that it ought to be confin'd to the State, Manners, Apprehension and even common phrases of Sheapards: for nothing can be

be said to be *Pastoral*, which is not accommodated to their condition : and for this Reason *Nannius Almaritanus* in my opinion is a trifler, who, in his comments on *Virgil's Eclogues*, thinks that those sorts of Compositions may now and then be lofty, and treat of great subjects : where he likewise divides the matter of *Bucolicks*, into *Low*, *Middle*, and *High* : and makes *Virgil* the Author of this Division, who in his *Fourth Eclogue*, (as he imagines) divides the matter of *Bucolicks* into Three sorts, and intimates this division by these three words : *Bushes*, *Shrubs* and *Woods*.

*Sicilian Muse begin a loftier strain,
The Bushes and the Shrubs that shade the Plain
Delight not all ; if I to Woods repair
My Song shall make them worth a Consuls Care.*

By *Woods*, as he fancies, as *Virgil* means high and stately Trees, so He would have a great and lofty Subject to be implied, such as he designed for the *Consul* : by *Bushes*, which are almost even with the ground, the meanest and lowest argument ; and by *Shrubs* a Subject not so high as the one, nor so low as the other, as the thing it-self is. And therefore these lines

*If I to Woods repair
My Song shall make them worth a Consuls care.*

are

are thus to be understood, That if we choose high and sublime arguments, our work will be fit for the Patronage of a *Consul*, This is *Nanniu's* interpretation of that place; too pedantical and subtle I'me affraid, for 'tis not credible that ever *Virgil* thought of reckoning great and lofty things amongst the Subjects of *Bucolicks* especially since

*When his Thalia rais'd her bolder Voice
And Kings and Battles were her lofty choice,
Phæbus did twitch his Ear, mean thoughts infuse
Ana with this whisper check't th' inspiring Muse
A Sheapard, Tityrus, his Sheep should feed,
And choose a Subject suited to his reed,*

This certainly was a serious admonition im-
plied by the twitching of his Ear, and I be-
lieve if he had continued in this former humo-
and not obey'd the smarring admonition. He
had still felt it: so far was he from thinking King
and Battels fit Themes for a *Sheapards* song: and
this evidently shows that in *Virgil's* opinion, con-
trary to *Nanniu's* fancy, great things cannot in
the least be comprehended within the subject
matter of *Pastorals*; no, it must be low and hum-
ble, which *Theocritus* very happily expresseth by
this word *Βυκολικόν* i. e. as the interpreters ex-
plain it, sing humble Strains.

Theefore let *Pastoral* never venture upon
lofty

lofty subject, let it not recede one jot from its proper matter, but be employ'd about Rustick affairs: such as are mean and humble in themselves; and such are the affairs of Shepherds, especially their Loves, but those must be pure and innocent; not disturb'd by vain suspicious jealousy, nor polluted by Rapes: The Rivals must not fight, and their emulations must be without quarrellings: such as *Vida* meant.

*Whilst on his Reed he Shepherds stifes conveys,
And soft complaints in smooth Sicilian lays.*

To these may be added sports, Jests, Gifts, and Presents; but not *costly*, such are yellow Apples, young stock-Doves, Milk, Flowers, and the like; all things must appear delightful and easy, nothing vicious and rough: A perfidious Pimp, a designing Jilt, a gripeing Usurer, a crafty factious Servant must have no room there, but every part must be full of the simplicity of the *Golden-Age*, and of that Candor which was then eminent: for as *Juvenal* affirms

Baseness was a great wonder in that Age;

Sometimes *Funeral-Rites* are the subject of an *Eclogue*, where the Shepherds scatter flowers on the Tomb, and sing Rustick Songs in honor of the Dead: Examples of this kind are left us by *Virgil* in his *Daphnis*, and *Bion* in his *Adonis*, and this hath nothing disagreeable to a Shepherd: In

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short

short whatever, the decorum being still preserv'd, can be done by a *Sheepard*, may be the Subject of a *Pastoral*.

Now there may be more kinds of Subjects than *Servius* or *Donatus* allow, for they confine us to that Number which *Virgil* hath made use of, tho *Minturnus* in his second Book *de Poetâ* declares against this opinion: But as a glorious *Heroick* action must be the Subject of an *Heroick* Poem, so a *Pastoral* action of a *Pastoral*; at least it must be so turn'd and wrought, that it might appear to be the action of a *Shepherd*; which caution is very necessary to be observ'd, to clear a great many difficulties in this matter: for tho; as the Interpreters assure us; most of *Virgil's* Eclogues are about the Civil war, planting Colonys, the murder of the Emperor, and the like, which in themselves are too great and too lofty for humble *Pastoral* to reach, yet because they are accommodated to the Genius of Shepherds, may be the Subject of an *Eclogue*, for that sometimes will admit of Gods and Heroes so they appear like, and are shrouded under the Persons of Shepherds: But as for these matters which neither really are, nor are so wrought as to seem the actions of Shepherds, such are in *Moschus's Europa*, *Theocritus's Epithalamium of Helen*, and *Virgil's Pollio*, to declare my opinion freely, I cannot think them to be fit Subjects for *Bucolicks*: And upon this account I suppose 'tis that *Servius* in his

Com-

Comments on *Virgil's Bucoliks* reckons only seven of *Virgil's* ten Eclogues, and onely ten of *Theocritus's* thirty, to be pure Pastorals, and *Salmasius* upon *Solinus* says, that amongst *Theocritus's* Poems there are some which you may call what you please Beside Pastorals: and *Heinsius* in his scholia upon *Theocritus* will allow but Ten of his *Idylliums* to be *Bucoliks*, 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 11. for all the rest are deficient either in matter or form, and from this number of pure pastoral *Idylliums* I am apt to think, that *Theocritus* seems to have made that Pipe, on which he tun'd his *Pastorals* and which he consecrated to *Pan* of ten Reeds, as *Salmasius* in his notes on *Theocritus's* Pipe hath learnedly observed: in which two Verses always make one Reed of the Pipe, therefore all are so unequal, like the unequal Reeds of a Pipe, that if you put two equals together which make one Reed, the whole inequality consists in ten pairs; when in the common Pipes there were usually no more then seven Reeds, and this the less curious observers have heedlessly past by

Some are of opinion that whatever is done in the Country, and in one word, every thing that hath nought of the City in it may be treated of in *Pastorals*; and that the discourse of Fishers, Plow-men, Reapers, Hunters, and the like, belong to this kind of Poetry: which according to the Rule that I have laid down cannot be true for, as I before hinted nothing but the action of a

(d 2)

Shep-

Shepherd can be the Subject of a Pastoral.

I shall not here enquire, tho it may seem proper, whether we can decently bring into an Eclogue Reapers, Vine-dressers, Gardners, Fowlers, Hunters, Fishers, or the like, whose lives for the most part are taken up with too much business and employment to have any vacant time for Songs, and idle Chat, which are more agreeable to the leisure of a Sheapards Life: for in a great many Rustick affairs, either the hardship and painful Labor will not admit a song, as in Plowing, or the solitude as in hunting, Fishing, Fowling, and the like: but of this I shall discourse more largely in another place.

Now 'tis not sufficient to make a Poem a true *Pastoral*, that the Subject of it is the action of a Shepherd, for in *Hesiods Opera* and *Virgils Georgicks*, there are a great many things that belong to the employment of a Shepherd, yet none fancy they are Pastorals: from whence 'tis evident, that beside the *matter*, which we have defin'd to be the action of a Sheapard, there is a peculiar *Form* proper to this kind of *Poetry* by which 'tis distinguish'd from all others.

Of Poetry in General *Socrates*, as *Plato* tells us, would have *Fable* to be the *Form*: *Aristotle* Imitation: I shall not dispute what difference there is between these two, but only inquire whether Imitation be the *Form* of *Pastoral*: 'Tis certain that *Epick* Poetry is different from *Tragick* on-

ly by the manner of imitation, for the latter imitates by *action*, and the former by bare *narration*: But *Pastoral* is the imitation of a *Pastoral* action either by bare *narration*, as in *Virgil's Alexis*, and *Theocritus's 7th Idyllium*, in which the Poet speaks all along in his own Person: or by *action*, as in *Virgil's Tityrus*, and the first of *Theocritus*, or by both mixt, as in the Second and Eleventh *Idylliums*, in which the Poet partly speaks in his own Person, and partly makes others speak, and I think the old *Scholast* on *Theocritus* took an hint from these when he says, that *Pastoral* is a mixture made up of all sorts, for 'tis *Narrative*, *Dramatick*, and mixt, and *Aristotle*, tho obscurely, seems to hint in those words, *In every one of the mentioned Arts there is Imitation, in some simple, in some mixt*; now this latter being peculiar to *Bucolicks* makes its very form and Essence: and therefore *scaliger*, in the 4th Chapter of his first Book of Poetry, reckons up three Species of *Pastorals*, the first hath but one Person, the second several, which sing alternately; the third is mixt of both the other: And the same observation is made by *Heinsius* in his Notes on *Theocritus*, for thus he very plainly to our purpose, *the Character of Bucolicks is a mixture of all sorts of Characters, Dramatick, Narrative, or mixt*: from all which 'tis very manifest that the manner of *Imitation* which is proper to *Pastorals* is the mixt: for in other kinds of Poetry 'tis one and simple, at least

not

not so manifold ; as in *Tragedy Action* : in *Epic Poetry Narration*.

Now I shall explain what sort of *Fables Manners, Thought, Expression*, which four are necessary to constitute every kind of Poetry, are proper to this sort:

Concerning the Fable which Aristotle calls, οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλο τι πρὸς τὴν ποιητικὴν

I have but one thing to say : this, as the Philosopher hints, as of all other sorts of Poetry, so of Pastoral is the very Soul : and therefore *Socrates* in *Plato* says, that in those Verses which he had made there was nothing wanting but the *Fable* : therefore Pastorals as other kinds of Poetry must have their Fable, if they will be Poetry : Thus in *Virgil's Silenus* which contains the Stories of almost the whole Fabulous Age, two Shepherds whom *Silenus* had often promis'd a Song, and as often deceiv'd, seize upon him being drunk and asleep, and bind him with wreath'd Flowers : *Ægle* comes in and encourages the timorous youths, and stains his jolly red Face with Blackberries, *Silenus* laughs at their innocent contrivance, and desires to be unbound, and then with a premeditated Song satisfies the Nymph's and Boys Curiosity ; The incomparable Poet sings wonders, the Rocks rejoyce, the Vales eccho, and happy *Eurotas* as if *Phæbus* himself sang, hears all, and bids the Laurels that grow upon his Banks listen to, and learn the Song.

Happy

*Happy Euroras as he flow'd along
Heard all, and bad the Laurels learn the Song.*

Thus every Eclogue or Idyllium must have its Fable, which must be the groundwork of the whole design, but it must not be perplext with sudden and unlookt for changes, as in *Marius's Adonis*: for that, tho the *Fable* be of a Shepherd, yet by reason of the strange Bombast under Plots, and wonderful occurrences, cannot be accounted *Pastoral*; for that it might be agreeable to the Person it treats of, it must be plain and simple, such as *Sophocles's Ajax*, in which there is not so much as one change of Fortune.

As for the Manners, let that precept, which *Horace* lays down in his Epistle to the *Pisones*, be principally observed.

Let each be grac't with that which suits him best.

For this, as 'tis a rule relateing to Poetry in general, so it respects this kind also of which we are treating; and against this *Tasso* in his *Amyntas*, *Bonarellus* in his *Phyllis*, *Guarinus* in his *Pastor Fido*, *Marinus* in his *Idylliums*, and most of the *Italians* grievously offend, for they make their *Shepherds* too polite, and elegant, and cloth them with all the neatness of the Town, and Complement of the Court, which tho it may seem very pretty, yet amongst good *Criticks*, let *Veratus* say

say what he will in their excuse, it cannot be allowed: For 'tis against *Minturnus's* Opinion, who in his second Book *de Poetâ*, says thus: *Mean Persons are brought in, those in Comedy indeed more polite, those in Pastorals more unelegant, as suppos'd to lead a rude life in Solitude*; and *Jason Denor*, a Doctor of *Padua* takes notice of the same as a very absurd Error: *Aristotle* heretofore for a like fault reprehended the *Megarensians*, who observ'd no *Decorum* in their *Theater*, but brought in mean persons with a Train fit for a *King*, and cloath'd a Cocker or Tinker in a Purple Robe: In vain doth *Veratus* in his Dispute against *Jason Denor*, to defend those elaborately exquisite discourses, and notable sublime sentences of his *Pastor Fido*, bring some lofty *Idylliums* of *Theocritus*, for those are not acknowledged to be Pastoral; *Theocritus* and *Virgil* must be consulted in this matter, the former design'dly makes his Shepherds discourse in the *Doric* i. e. the Rustick Dialect, sometimes scarce true Grammar; & the other studiously affects ignorance in the persons of his Shepherds, as *Servius* hath observ'd, and is evident in *Melibæus*, who makes *Oaxes* to be a River in *Crete* when 'tis in *Mesopotamia*: and both of them take this way that the Manners may the more exactly suit with the Persons they represent, who of themselves are rude and unpolisht: And this proves that they scandalously err, who make their Shepherds appear polite and elegant, nor can I imagine what *Veratus*

who

who makes so much ado about the polite manners of the *Arcadian* Shepherds, would say to *Polybius* who tells us that the *Arcadians* by reason of the Mountainousness of the Country and hardness of the weather, are very unsociable and austere.

Now as too much neatness in *Pastoral* is not to be allow'd, so rusticity (I do not mean that which *Plato*, in his Third Book of a Commonwealth, mentions which is but a part of a downright honesty) but Clownish stupidity, such as *Theophrastus*, in his Character of a *Rustick*, describes; or that disagreeable unfashionable roughness which *Horace* mentions in his Epistle to *Lollius*, must not in my opinion be endur'd: On this side *Mantuan* errs extreamly, and is intolerably absur'd, who makes Shepherds blockishly sortish, and insufferably rude: And a certain Interpreter blames *Theocritus* for the same thing, who in some mens opinion sometimes keeps too close to the *Clown*, and is rustick and uncouth; But this may be very well excus'd because the Age in which he sang was not as polite as now.

But that every Part may be suitable to a Shepherd, we must consult unstain'd, uncorrupted Nature; so that the manners might not be too Clownish nor too Caurtly: And this mean may be easily observed if the manners of our Shepherds be represent'd according to the *Genius* of the golden Age, in which, if *Guarimus* may be be-

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liev'd

liev'd, every man follow'd that employment: And *Nannius* in the Preface to his Comments on *Virgil's Bucolicks* is of the same opinion, for he requires that the manners might represent the Golden Age: and this was the reason that *Virgil* himself in his *Pollio* describes that Age, which he knew very well was proper to *Bucolicks*: For in the whole course of a Shepherds life there can be no form more excellent than that which was the practise of the Golden Age: And this may serve to moderate and temper the affections that must be exprest in this sort of Poetry, and sufficiently declare the whole Essence of it, which in short must be taken from the nature of a Shepherds life to which a Courtly dress is not agreeable.

That the Thought may be commendable, it must be suitable to the *manners*; as those must be plain and pure that must be so too: nor must contain any, deep, exquisite, or elaborate fancies: And against this the *Italians* offend, who continually hunt after smart witty sayings, very foolishly in my opinion; for in the Country, where all things should be full of plainness and simplicity who would paint or endeavor to be gawdy when such appearances would be very disagreeable and offend? *Pontanus* in this matter hath said very well, *The Thought must not be too exquisite and witty, the Comparisons obvious and common, such as the State of Persons and Things require*: Yet tho too scrupulous a Curiosity in Ornament ought to be rejected,

jected, yet lest the Thought be cold and flat, it must have some quickness of Passion, as in these.

Cruel Alexis can't my Verses move ?

Hast thou no Pitty ? I must dye for Love.

And again,

He neither Gods, nor yet my Verse regards.

The Sense must not be long, copious, and continued, For *Pastoral* is weak, and not able to hold out ; but of this more when I come to lay down rules for its Composition : But tho it ought to imitate *Comedy* in its common way of discourse, yet it must not chose *old Comedy* for its pattern, for that is too impudent, and licentious, and abusive : Let it be free and modest, honest and ingenuous, and that will make it agreeable to the Golden Age.

Let the Expression be plain and easy, but elegant and neat, and the purest which the language will afford ; *Pontanus* upon *Virgil's Bucolics* gives the very same rule, *In Bucolics the Expression must be humble, nearer common discourse than otherwise, not very Spirituous and vivid, yet such as shows life and strength* : Tis certain that *Virgil* in his *Bucolics* useth the same words which *Tully* did in the *Forum* or the *Senate* : and *Tityrus* beneath his shady Beech speaks as pure and good *Latin* as *Augustus* in his Palace, as *Modicius* in his *Apology for Virgil* hath excellently observ'd :

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This rule, 'tis true; *Theocritus* hath not so strictly follow'd, whose Rustick and Pastoral Muse, as *Quintilian* phraseth it, *not only is affraid to appear in the Forum, but the City*: and for the very same thing an *Alexandrian* flouts the *Syracusian Weomen* in the Fifteenth *Idyllium* of *Theocritus*, for when they, being then in the City, spoke the *Dorick* Dialect, the delicate Citizen could not endure it, and found fault with their distastful, as he thought, pronunciation: and his reflection was very smart.

Like Pidgtons you have mouths from Ear to Ear.

So intolerable did that broad way of pronunciation, tho exactly fit for a Clowns discourse, seem to a Citizen: and hence *Probus* observes that 'twas much harder for the *Latines* to write *Pastorals*, than for the *Greeks*; because the *Latines* had not some *Dialects* peculiar to the Country, and others to the City, as the *Greeks* had; Besides the *Latine* Language, as *Quintilian* hath observ'd, is not capable of the neatness which is necessary to *Bucolicks*, no, that is the peculiar privilege of the *Greeks*: *We cannot*, says he, *be so low, they exceed us in subtlety, and in propriety they are at more certainty than We*: and again, *in pat and close Expressions we cannot reach the Greeks*: And, if we believe *Tully*, *Greek* is much more fit for Ornament than *Latin*, for it hath much more of that neatness, and

and ravishing delightfulness, which *Bucolicks* necessarily require.

Yet of Pastoral, with whose Nature we are not very well acquainted, what that *Form* is which the *Greeks* call the *Character*, is not very easy to determine; yet that we may come to some certainty, we must stick to our former observation, viz. that *Pastoral* belongs properly to the *Golden Age*: For as *Tully* in his *Treatise de Oratore* says, in all our disputes the subject is to be measur'd by the most perfect of that kind, and *Synesius* in his *Encomium on Baldness* hints the very same, when he tells us that Poetry fashions its subject as Men imagine it should be, and not as really it is: *οὐδὲ Νέεον, ἢ οὐδὲ ἀλπίστον*: Now the Life of a Shepherd, that it might be rais'd to the highest perfection, is to be refer'd to the manners and age of the world whilst yet innocent, and such as the Fables have describ'd it: And as Simplicity was the principal vertue of that Age, so it ought to be the peculiar Grace, and as it were *Character* of *Bucolicks*: in which the Fable, Manners, Thought, and Expression ought to be full of the most innocent simplicity imaginable: for as Innocence in Life, so purity and simplicity in discourse was the Glory of that Age: So as gravity to *Epicks*, Sweetness to *Lyricks*, Humor to *Comedy*, softness to *Elegies*, and smartness to *Epigrams*, so simplicity to *Pastorals* is proper; and one upon *Theocritus* says, that the Idea of his *Bucolicks* is in every part pure, and in all that

that belongs to simplicity very happy : Such is this of Virgil, unwholsome to us Singers is the shade Of Juniper, 'tis an unwholsome shade :

Than which in my opinion nothing can be more simply ; nothing more rustically said ; and this is the reason I suppose why *Macrobius* says that this kind of Poetry is creeping and upon mean subjects : and why too *Virgils Tityrus* lying under his shady Beech displeaseth some ; Excellent Criticks indeed, whom I wish a little more sense, that they might not really be, what they would not seem to be, *Ridiculous* : *Theocritus* excells *Virgil* in this, of whom *Modicius* says, *Theocritus* deserves the greatest commendation for his happy imitation of the simplicity of his *Shepherds*, *Virgil* hath mixt *Allegories*, and some other things which contain too much learning, and deepness of Thought for Persons of so mean a Quality : Yet here I must obviate their mistake who fancy that this sort of Poetry, because in it self low and simple, is the proper work of mean Wits, and not the most sublime and excellent perfections : For as I think there be can nothing more elegant than easy naked simplicity, so likewise nothing can require more strength of Wit, and greater pains ; and he must be of a great and clear judgment, who attempts *Pastoral*, and comes off with Honor : For there is no part of Poetry that requires more spirit, for if any part is not close and well compacted the whole Fabrick will be ruin'd, and the matter

matter, in it self humble, must creep ; unless it is held up by the strength and vigor of the *Expression*.

Another qualification and excellence of *Pastoral* is to imitate *Timanthes's* Art, of whom *Pliny* writes thus ; *Timanthes was very Ingenious, in all his peices more was to be understood than the Colours express'd, and tho his Art was very extraordinary yet his Fancy exceeded it : In this Virgil is peculiarly happy, but others, especially raw unexperienced Writers, if they are to describe a Rainbow, or a River, pour out their whole stock, and are unable to contain : Now tis properly requisite to a Pastoral that there should be a great deal coucht in a few words, and every thing it says should be so short, and so close, as if its chiefest excellence was to be spareing in Expression : such is that of Virgil ;*

*These Fields and Corn shall a Barbarian share ?
See the Effects of all our Civil War.*

How short is that ? how concise ? and yet how full of sense in the same *Eclogue*.

*I wonder'd why all thy complaints were made,
Absent was Tityrus :*

And the like you may every where meet with, as

*Mopsus weds Nisa, what may'nt Lovers hope ?
and in the second Eclogue.*

Whom

*Whom dost thou fly ah frantick! oft the Woods
Hold Gods, and Paris equal to the Gods.*

This Grace *Virgil* learn'd from *Theocritus*, all-
most all whose Periods; especially in the third
Idyllium, have no conjunction to connect them, that
the sense might be more close, and the Affection
vehement and strong: as in this

*Let all things change, let Pears the Firs adorn
Now Daphnis dyes.*

And in the third *Eclogue*.

But when she saw, how great was the surprize! &c.

And any one may find a great many of the like
in *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, if with a leisurely delight
he nicely examines their delicate Composures:
And this I account the greatest grace in *Pastorals*,
which in my opinion those that write *Pastorals* do
not sufficiently observe: 'Tis true Ours (the
French) and the *Italian* language is to babbling to
endure it; This is the Rock on which those that
write *Pastorals* in their *Mother* tongue are usually
split, But the *Italians* are inevitably lost; who
having store of *Wit*, a very subtile invention and
flowing fancy, cannot contain; every thing that
comes into their mind must be poured out, nor
are they able to endure the least restraint: as is
evident from *Marinus's Idylliums*, and a great
many of that nation who have ventur'd on
such composures: For unless there are many
stops

and breakings off in the series of a *Pastoral*, it can neither be pleasing nor artificial: And in my Opinion *Virgil* excells *Theocritus* in this, for *Virgil* is neither so continued, nor so long as *Theocritus*; who indulges too much the garrulity of his *Greek*; nay even in those things which he expresseth he is more close, and more cautiously conceals that part which ought to be dissembled: And this I am sure is a most admirable part of Eloquence; as *Tully* in his Epistle to *Atticus* says,

Tis rare to speak Eloquently, but more rare to be eloquently silent: And this unskillful *Criticks* are not acquainted with, and therefore are wont oftner to find fault with that which is not fitly exprest, than commend that which is prudently conceal'd. I could heap up a great many more things to this purpose, but I see no need of such a trouble, since no man can rationally doubt of the goodness of my Observation: Therefore, in short, let him that writes *Pastorals* think brevity, if it doth not obscure his sense, to be the greatest grace which he can attain.

Now why *Bucolicks* should require such Brevity, and be so essentially sparing in *Expression*, I see no other reason but this; It loves *Simplicity* so much that it must be averse to that Pomp and Ostentation which *Epick* Poetry must show, for that must be copious and flowing, in every part smooth, and equal to it self: But *Pastoral* must dissemble, and hide even that which it would

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show

show, like *Damon's Galatea*, who flies then when she most desires to be discovered.

And to the Bushes flies, yet would be seen.

And this doth not proceed from any malicious ill-natur'd Coyness, as some imagine, but from an ingenuous modesty and bashfulness, which usually accompanies, and is a proof of *Simplicity*: *Tis very rare, says Pliny, to find a man so exquisitely skillful, as to be able to show those Features in a Picture which he hides*; and I think it to be so difficult a task, that none but the most excellent Wits can attempt it with success: For small Wits usually abound with a multitude of words.

The third Grace of *Bucolicks* is *Neatness*, which contains all the taking pretiness and sweetness of Expression, and whatsoever is call'd the Delicacies of the more delightful and pleasing *Muses*: This the Rural *Muses* bestow'd on *Virgil*, as *Horace* in the tenth *Satyr* of his first Book says,

*And Virgils happy Muse in Eclogues plays,
Soft and facetious*;

Which *Fabius* takes to signify the most taking neatness and most exquisite Elegance imaginable; For thus he explains this place, in which he agrees with *Tully*, who in his *Third Book de Oratore*, says, the *Atticks* are Facetious *i. e.* elegant: The the common Interpreters of these words are not of the same mind: But if by *Facetious* *Horace* had meant *jesting*, and such as is design'd to make men laugh, and apply'd that to *Virgil*, nothing could

could have been more ridiculous : 'tis the design of *Comedy* to raise laughter, but *Eclogue* should only delight, and charm by its takeing *prettiness* : All ravishing *Delicacies* of Thought, all sweetness of Expression, all that Salt from which *Venus*, as the Poets Fable, rose ; are so essential to this kind of *Poetry*, that it cannot endure any thing that is scurillous, maliciously biteing, or ridiculous : There must be nothing in it but *Hony*, *Milk*, *Roses*, *Violets*, and the like sweetness, so that when you read you might think that you are in *Adonis's* Gardens, as the *Greeks* speak, *i. e.* in the most pleasant place imaginable : For since the subject of *Eclogue* must be mean and unsurprizing, unless it maintains purity and neatness of Expression, it cannot please.

Therefore it must do as *Tully* says his friend *Atticus* did, who entertaining his acquaintance with Leeks and Onions, pleas'd them all very well, because he had them serv'd up in wicker Chargers, and clean Baskets ; So let an *Eclogue* serve up its fruits and flowers with some, tho no costly imbellishment, such as may answer to the wicker Chargers, and Baskets ; which may be provided at a cheap rate, and are agreeable to the Country : yet, (and this rule if you aim at exact simplicity, can never be too nicely observ'd,) you must most carefully avoid all paint and gaudiness of Expression, and, (which of all sorts of Elegancies is the most difficult to be avoided)

you must take the greatest care that no scrupulous trimness ; or artificial fineness appear : For, as *Quintilian* teaches, in some cases diligence and care are most troublefomly perverse ; and when things are most sweet they are next to loathsome and many times degenerate : Therefore as in Women a careless dress becomes some extreamly. Thus *Pastoral*, that it might not be uncomely, ought sometimes to be negligent, or the finess of its ornaments ought not to appear and lye open to every bodies view : so that it ought to affect a studied carelessness, and design'd negligence : And that this may be, all gawdiness of Dress, such as Paint and Curls, all artificial shining is to be despis'd, but in the mean time care must be taken that the Expression be bright and simply clean, not filthy and disgustful, but such as is varnish'd with Wit and Fancy : Now to perfect this, *Nature* is chiefly to be lookt upon, (for nothing that is disagreeable to *Nature* can please) yet that will hardly prevail naked, by it self, and without the polishing of Art.

Then there are three things in which, as in its parts, the whole *Character* of a *Pastoral* is contain'd : *Simplicity* of Thought and expression : *shortness* of Periods full of sense and spirit : and the *Delicacy* of a most elegant ravishing unaffected neatness.

Next I will enquire into the *Efficient*, and then into the *Final Cause* of *Pastorals*.

Aristotle

Aristotle assigns two efficient Causes of Poetry. The natural desire of Imitation in Man whom he calls the most imitative Creature; and Pleasure consequent to that Imitation: Which indeed are the *Remote Causes*, but the *Immediate* are *Art* and *Nature*; Now according to the differences of *Genius's* several *Species* of Poetry have been introduc'd: For as the *Philosopher* hath observ'd, *ἡ φύσις τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ἔστι μιμητικὴ καὶ ἡ ἀρετὴ αὐτοῦ αἰσθητικὴ* (1) Thus those that were lofty imitated great and illustrious; those that were low spirited and groveling mean Actions: And every one, according to the various inclination of his *Nature*, follow'd this or that sort of Poetry: This the *Philosopher* expressly affirms, And *Dr Chrysostomus* says of *Homer* that he received from the Gods a Nature fit for all sorts of Verse: but this is an happiness which none partake but, as he in the same place intimates, Godlike minds.

Not to mention other kinds of Poetry, what particular *Genius* is requir'd to *Pastoral* I think, is evident from the foregoing Discourse, for as every part of it ought to be full of simple and inartificial nearness, so it requires a Wit naturally neat and pleasant, born to delight and ravish, which are the qualifications certainly of a great and most excellent Nature: For whatsoever in any kind is delicate and elegant, that is usually most excellent: And such a *Genius* that hath a sprightfulness of Nature, and is well instructed by

by the rules of Art, is fit to attempt *Pastorals*.

Of the end of *Pastorals* tis not so easy to give an account : For as to the end of Poetry in General : The Enemies of Poets run out into a large common place, and loudly tell us that Poetry is frivolous and unprofitable. Excellent men! that love *profit* perchance, but have no regard for *Honesty* and *Goodness*; who do not know that all excellent *Arts* sprang from Poetry at first.

*Which what is honest, base, or just, or good,
Better than Crantor, or Chrysiippus show'd.*

For tis Poetry that like a chaste unspotted Virgin, shews men the way, and the means to live happily, who afterward are deprav'd by the immodest precepts of vitiated and impudent *Philosophy*. For every body knows, that the *Epick* sets before us the highest example of the Bravest man; the *Tragedian* regulates the Affections of the Mind; the *Lyrick* reforms Manners, or sings the Praises of Gods, and Heroes; so that there's no part of Poetry but hath its proper end, and profits.

But grant all this true. *Pastoral* can make no such pretence: if you sing a *Hero*, you excite mens minds to imitate his Actions, and notable Exploits; but how can *Bucolicks* apply these or the like advantages to its self? *He that reads*
Heroick

Heroick Poems, learns what is the vertue of a Hero, and wishes to be like him; but he that reads Pastorals, neither learns how to feed sheep, nor wishes himself a shepherd: And a great deal more to this purpose you may see in Modicius, as Pontanus cites him in his Notes on Virgil's Eclogues.

But when tis the end of Comedy, as Jerom in his Epistle to Furia says, to know the Humors of Men, and to describe them; and Demea in Terence intimates the same thing,

*To look on all mens Lives as in a Glass,
And take from those Examples for our Own.*

so that our Humors and Conversation; may be better'd, and improv'd; why may not *Pastoral* be allow'd the same Priviledge, and be admitted to regulate and improve a *Shepherd's* life by its *Bucolicks*? For since tis a product of the Golden Age, it will shew the most innocent manners of the most ancient Simplicity, how plain and honest, and how free from all varnish, and deceit, to more degenerate, and worse times: And certain'y for this tis commendable in its kind, since its design in drawing the image of a Country and Shepherd's life, is to teach Honesty, Candor, and Simplicity, which are the vertues of private men; as *Epicks* teach the highest Fortitude, and Prudence, and Conduct, which are the vertues of *Generals*, and *Kings*. And tis necessary

cessary to Government, that as there is one kind
 of Poetry to instruct the *Citizens*, there should be
 another to fashion the manners of the *Rusticks*;
 which if *Pastoral*, as it does, did not do, yet
 would it not be altogether frivolous, and idle,
 since by its taking pretinences it can delight, and
 please. It can scarce be imagin'd, how much
 the most flourishing times of the *Roman Com-*
mon-wealth, in which *Virgil* wrote, grew better
 and brisker by the use of *Pastoral* : with it
 were *Augustus*, *Mecenas*, *Asinius Pollio*, *Alphe-*
nus Varus, *Cornelius Gallus*, the most admired
 Wits of that happy Age, wonderfully pleas'd;
 for whatever is sweet, and ravishing, is con-
 tain'd in this sweetest kind of Poetry. But if
 we must slight every thing, from which no profit
 is to be hop'd, all pleasures of the Eye and Ear
 are presently to be laid aside ; and those excel-
 lent Arts, *Musick*, and *Painting*, with which the
 best men use to be delighted, are presently to
 be left off. Nor is it indeed credible, that so
 many excellent Wits, as have devoted them-
 selves to Poetry, would ever have medled with
 it, if it had been so empty, idle, and frivolous,
 as some ridiculously morose imagine ; who for-
 sooth are better pleas'd with the severity of *Phi-*
losophy, and her harsh, deform'd impropriety of
 Expressions. But the judgments of such men
 are the most contemptible in the world ; for when
 by Poetry mens minds are fashioned to generous
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Humors, Kindness, and the like : those must needs
 be strangers to all those good qualites, who hate,
 or proclaim *Poetry* to be frivolous, and useless.

The Third PART.

Rules for writing Pastorals.

IN delivering Rules for writing *Pastorals*, I shall not point to the *streams*, which to look after argues a small creeping *Genius*, but lead you to the *fountains*. But first I must tell you, how difficult it is to write *Pastorals*, which many seem not sufficiently to understand : For since its matter is low, and humble, it seems to have nothing that is troublesome, and difficult. But this is a great mistake, for, as *Horace* says of *Comedy*, “It is by so much the more difficult, by “how much the less pardonable are the mistakes “committed in its composition : and the same is to be thought of every thing, whose end is to please, and delight. For whatsoever is contriv’d for pleasure, and not necessarily requir’d, unless it be exquisite, must be nauseous, and distastful ; as at a *Supper*, scraping *Musick*, thick *Oyntment*, or the like, because the *Entertainment* might have been without all these : For the sweetest things, and most delicious, are most apt to satiate ; for tho the sense may sometimes be pleas’d, yet it presently disgusts that which is luscious,

luscious, and, as *Lucretius* phraseth it,

*E'en in the midst and fury of the Joys,
Some thing that's better riseth, and destroys.*

Beside, since *Pastoral* is of that nature, that it cannot endure too much negligence, nor too scrupulous diligence, it must be very difficult to to be compos'd, especially since the expression must be neat, but not too exquisite, and fine: It must have a simple native beauty, but not too mean; it must have all sorts of delicacies, and surprizing fancies, yet not be flowing, and luxuriant. And certainly, to hit all these excellencies is difficult enough, since Wit, whose nature it is to pour it self forth, must rather be restrain'd than indulg'd; and that force of the Mind, which of it self is so ready to run on, must be checkt, and bridled: Which cannot be easily perform'd by any, but those who have a very good Judgment, and practically skill'd in Arts, and Sciences: And lastly, a neat, and as it were a happy Wit: not that curious sort, I mean, which *Petronius* allows *Horace*, lest too much *Art* should take off the Beauty of the *Simplicity*. And therefore I would not have any one undertake this task, that is not very polite by *Nature*, and very much at leisure. For what is more hard than to be always in the *Country*, and yet never to be *Clownish*? to sing of mean, and trivial mat-

ters, yet not *trivially*, and *meanly*? to pipe on a slender Reed, and yet keep the sound from being *harsh*, and *squeaking*? to make every thing *sweet*, yet never *fatiate*? And this I thought necessary to premise, in order to the better laying down of such Rules as I design. For the naked *simpli-*
city both of the Matter and Expression of a *Pastoral*, upon bare Contemplation, might seem easily to be hit, but upon trial 'twill be found a very hard task: Nor was the difficulty to be dissembled, lest *Ignorance* should betray some into a rash attempt. Now I must come to the very Rules; for as nothing excellent can be brought to perfection without *Nature*, (for Art unassisted by that, is vain and ineffectual,) so there is no *Nature* so excellent, and happy, which by its own strength, and without *Art* and *Use* can make any thing excellent, and great.

But 'tis hard to give *Rules* for that, for which there have been none already given; for where there are no footsteps nor path to direct, I cannot tell how any one can be certain of his way. Yet in this difficulty I will follow *Aristotle's* Example, who being to lay down Rules concerning *Epicks*, propos'd *Homer* as a Pattern, from whom he deduc'd the whole Art: So I will gather from *Theocritus* and *Vergil*, those Fathers of *Pastoral*, what I shall deliver on this account. For all the Rules that are to be given of any Art, are to be given of it as excellent, and perfect, and

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therefore ought to be taken from them in whom it is so.

The first Rule shall be about the *Matter*, which is either the *Action* of a *Shepherd*, or contriv'd and fitted to the *Genius* of a *Shepherd*; for the *Pastoral* is simple, and bashful, yet it will entertain lofty subjects, if it can be permitted to turn and fashion them to its own proper Circumstances, and Humor: which the *Theocritus* hath never done, but kept close to *pastoral* simplicity, yet *Virgil* hath happily attempted; of whom almost the same *Character* might be given, which *Quintilian* bestow'd on *Stesichorus*, who with his *Harp* bore up the most weighty subjects of *Epick Poetry*; for *Virgil* sang great and lofty things to his *Oaten Reed*, but yet suited to the Humor of a *Shepherd*, for every thing that is not agreeable to that, cannot belong to *Pastoral*: of its own nature it cannot treat of lofty and great matters.

Therefore let *Pastoral* be smooth and soft, not noisy and bombast; lest whilst it raiseth its voice, and opens its mouth, it meet with the same fate that, they say, an *Italian Shepherd* did, who having a very large mouth, and a very strong breath, brake his *Pipe* as often as he blow'd it. This is a great fault in one that writes *Pastorals*: for if his words are too sounding, or his sense too strong, he must be absurd, because indecently loud. And this is not the rule of an unskilful im-

impertinent Adviser, but rather of a very excellent Master in this Art: for *Phæbus* twicht *Virgil* by the Ear, and warn'd him to forbear great Subjects: but if it ventures upon such, it may be allow'd to use some short *Invocations*, and, as *Epicks* do, modestly implore the assistance of a Muse. This *Virgil* doth in his *Pollio*, which is a Composure of an unusual loftiness:

Sicilian Muse begin a loftier strain.

So he invokes *Arethusa*, when *Cornelius Gallus* *Proconsul of Ægypt* and his *Amours*, matters above the common reach of *Pastoral*, are his Subject.

One Labor more O Arethusa yield.

Why he makes his application to *Arethusa* is easy to conjecture, for she was a *Nymph* of *Sicily*, and so he might hope that she could inspire him with a *Genius* fit for *Pastorals* which first began in that *Island*, Thus in the seventh and eighth *Eclogue*, as the matter would bear, he invokes the *Nymphs* and *Muses*: And *Theocritus* does the same,

Tell Goddess, you can tell.

From whence 'tis evident that in *Pastoral*, tho' it never pretends to any greatness, *Invocations* may treat

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may be allow'd: But whatever Subject it chooseth, it must take care to accommodate it to the Genius and Circumstances of a Shepherd.

Concerning the Form, or mode of *Imitation*, I shall not repeat what I have already said, viz. that this is in it self *mixt*: for *Pastoral* is either *Alternate*, or hath but *one Person*, or is *mixt* of both: yet 'tis properly and chiefly *Alternate*, as is evident from that of *Theocritus*.

*Sing Rural strains, for as we march along
We may delight each other with a Song.*

In which the *Poet* shows that *alternate* singing is proper to a *Pastoral*: But as for the *Fable*, 'tis requisite that it should be simple, lest in stead of *Pastoral* it put on the form of a *Comedy*, or *Tragedy* if the *Fable* be great, or intricate: It must be *One*: this *Aristotle* thinks necessary in every *Poem*, and *Horace* lays down this general Rule,

Be every Fable simple, and but one:

For every *Poem*, that is not *One*, is imperfect, and this *Unity* is to be taken from the *Action*: for if that is *One*, the *Poem* will be so too. Such is the *Passion* of *Corydon* in *Virgil's* second *Eclogue*, *Melibæus's* *Expostulation* with *Tityrus* about his *Fortune*: *Theocritus's Thyrsis*, *Cyclops*, and *Amation* of which perhaps in its proper place I may treat more largely.

Let

Let the third Rule be concerning the *Expression*, which cannot be in this kind excellent unless borrow'd from *Theocritus's Idylliums*, or *Virgil's Eclogues*: let it be chiefly simple, and ingenuous: such is that of *Theocritus*,

A Kid belongs to thee, and Kids are good,

Or that in *Virgil's seventh Eclogue*,

*This Pail of Milk, these Cakes (Priapus) even
Expect: a little Garden is thy care: (yea
Thou'rt Marble now, but if more Land I hold,
If my Flock thrive, thou shalt be made of Gold,*

than which I cannot imagine more simple, and more ingenuous expressions. To which may be added that out of his *Palemon*,

*And I love Phyllis, for her Charms excell;
At my departure O what tears there fell!
She sigh'd, Farewell Dear Youth, a' long Farewell*

Now, That I call an ingenuous Expression which is clear and smooth, that swells with insolent words, or bold metaphors, but has something familiar, and as it were obvious in its Composure, and not disguis'd by any study and affected dress: All its Ornament must be like the Corn and fruits in the Country, easy to be

be gotten, and ready at hand, not such as requires Care, Labor, and Cost to be obtain'd : as *Hermogenes* on *Theocritus* observes; See how easie and unaffected this sounds,

Pines murmurings, Goatherd, are a pleasing sound,

and most of his expressions, not to say all, are of the same nature : for the ingenuous simplicity both of Thought and Expression is the natural Characteristick of *Pastoral*. In this *Theocritus* and *Virgil* are admirable, and excellent, the others despicable, and to be pittied : for they being enfeebled by the meanness of their subject, either creep, or fall flat. *Virgil* keeps himself up by his choice and curious words, and tho his matter for the most part (and *Pastoral* requires it) is mean, yet his expressions never flag, as is evident from these lines in his *Alexis* :

*The glossy Plums I le bring, and juicy Pear,
Such as were once delightful to my Dear :*

*I le crop the Laurel, and the Myrtle tree,
Confus'dly set, because their Sweets agree.*

For since the matter must be low, to avoid being abject, and despicable, you must borrow some light from the Expression ; not such as is dazzling, but pure, and lambent, such as may shine thro the whole matter, but never flash, and blind.

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The words of such a *Stile* we are usually taught in our Nurses armes, but 'tis to be perfected and polished by length of time, frequent use, study, and diligent reading of the most approved Authors: for Pastoral is apt to be slighted for the meanness of its Matter, unless it hath some additional Beauty, be pure, polish'd, and so made pleasing, and attractive. Therefore never let any one, that designs to write *Pastorals*, corrupt himself with foreign manners; for if he hath once vitiated the healthful habit, as I may say, of Expression, which *Bucolicks* necessarily require, 'tis impossible he should be fit for that task. Yet let him not affect pompous or dazling Expressions, for such belong to *Epicks*, or *Tragedians*. Let his words sometimes tast of the Country, not that I mean, of which *Volusius's* Annals, upon which *Catullus* hath made that biting *Epigram*, are full; for though the Thought ought to be rustick, and such as is suitable to a Shepherd, yet it ought not to be Clownish, as is evident in *Corydon*, when he makes mention of his Goats.

*Young sportive Creatures, and of spotted hue,
Which suckled twice a day, I keep for you:
These Thestils hath beg'd, and beg'd in vain,
But now they're Hers, since You my Gifts disdain.*

For what can be more Rustical, than to design those Goats for *Alexis*, at that very time when
he

he believes *Thestylis's* winning importunity will be able to prevail? yet there is nothing Clownish in the words. In short, *Bucolicks* should deserve that commendation which *Tully* gives *Crasus*, of whose Orations he would say, *that nothing could be more free from childish painting, and affected finery*. So let the Expression in *Pastoral* be without gawdy trappings, and all those little fineries of Art, which are us'd to set off and varnish a discourse: But let an ingenuous Simplicity, and unaffected pleasing Neatness appear in every part; which yet will be flat, if 'tis drawn out to any length, if not close, short, and broken, as that in *Virgil*,

He that loves Bavius Verses, hates not Thine :

And in the same *Eclogue*,

*—It is not safe to drive too nigh,
The Bank may fail, the Ram is hardly dry :*

And in *Corydon*,

To learn this Art what won't Amyntas do ?

And in *Theocritus* much of the same nature may be seen; as in his other *Pastoral Idylliums*, so chiefly in his fifth. Thus *Battus* in the fourth *Idyllium*, complaining for the loss of *Amaryllis*,

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Dear Nymph, dear as my Goats, you dy'd.

And how soft and tender is that in the third *Idyllium*,

*And she may look on me, she may be won,
She may be kind, she is not perfect Stone,*

And in this *concise*, close way of Expression lies the chiefest Grace of *Pastorals*: for in my opinion there's nothing in the whole Composition that can delight more than those frequent stops, and breakings off. Yet lest in these too it become dull and sluggish, it must be quickned by frequent lively touches of Concernment: such as that of the Goatherd in the third *Idyllium*.

—*I see that I must die:*

Or *Daphnis's* despair, which *Thyrsis* sings in the first *Idyllium*,

*Ye Wolves, and Pards, and Mountain Bores adieu,
The Herdsmen now must walk no more with You.*

How tender are the lines, and yet what passion they contain! And most of *Virgil's* are of this nature, but there are likewise in him some touches of despairing Love, such as is this of *Alphesibæus*,

Nor have I any mind to be reliev'd:

Or

Or that of *Damon*,

I le d, yet tell my Love e'en whilst I d;

Or that of *Corydon*,

He lov'd, but could not hope for Love again.

For tho *Pastoral* doth not admit any violent passions, such as proceed from the greatest extremity, and usually accompany despair; yet because Despairing Love is not attended with those frightful and horrible consequences, but looks more like *grief to be pittied*, and a *pleasing madness*, than *rage and fury*, *Eclogue* is so far from refusing, that it rather loves, and passionately requires them. Therefore an unfortunate *Shepherd* may be brought in, complaining of his successless Love to the *Moon*, *Stars*, or *Rocks*, or to the *Woods*, and purling *Streams*, mourning the unsupportable anger, the frowns and coynels of his proud *Phyllis*; singing at his *Nymphs* door, (which *Plutarch* reckons among the signs of *Passion*) or doing any of those fooleries, which are familiar to Lovers. Yet the *Passion* must not rise too high, as *Polyphemus's*, *Galateas's* mad Lover, of whom *Theocritus* divinely thus, as almost of every thing else:

*His was no common flame, nor could he move
In the old Arts, and beaten paths of Love,
No Flowers nor Fruits sent to oblige the Fair,*

His

His was all Rage, and Madneſs:

For all violent Perturbations are to be diligently avoided by *Bucolicks*, whose nature it is to be soft, and easie: For in small matters, and such must all the strifes and contentions of Shepherds be, to make a great deal of adoe, is as unseemly, as to put *Hercules's* Vizard and Buskins on an Infant, as *Quintilian* hath excellently observ'd. For since *Eclogue* is but weak, it seems not capable of those Commotions which belong to the Theater, and Pulpit: they must be soft, and gentle, and all its Passion must seem to flow only, and not break out: as in *Virgil's Gallus*,

*Ah, far from home and me You wander o're
The Alpine ſnows, the farthest Western shore,
And frozen Rhine. When are we like to meet?
Ah gently, gently, lest thy tender feet
Sharp Ice may wound.*

To these he may sometimes joyn some short Interrogations made to *inanimate Beings*, for those spread a strange life and vigor thro' the whole Composure. Thus in *Daphnis*,

*Did not You Streams, and Hazels, hear the Nymphs?
Or give the very Trees, and Fountains sense, as
in Tityrus,*

Thee (Tityrus) the Pines, and every Vale,

The Fountains, Hills, and every shrub did call:

for by this the Concernment is express'd; and of the like nature is that of *Thyrsis*, in *Virgil's Melibæus*,

Whee

When Phyllis comes, my wood will all be green.

And this sort of Expressions is frequent in *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, and in these the delicacy of *Pastoral* is principally contain'd, as one of the old *Interpreters* of *Theocritus* hath observ'd on this line, in the eighth *Idyllium*,

Ye Vales, and Streams, a race Divine :

But let them be so, and so seldom us'd, that nothing appear vehement, and bold, for Boldness and Vehemence destroy the sweetness which peculiarly commends *Bucolicks*, and in those Composures a constant care to be soft and easie should be chief: For *Pastoral* bears some resemblance to *Terence*, of whom *Tully*, in that Poem which he writes to *Libo*, gives this Character,

His words are soft, and each expression sweet.

In mixing *Passion* in *Pastorals*, that rule of *Longinus*, in his golden Treatise *de Virtutibus*, must be observ'd, *Never use it, but when the matter requires it, and then too very sparingly.*

Concerning the *Numbers*, in which *Pastoral* should be written, this is my opinion; the *Heroick* Measure, but not so strong and sounding as in *Epicks*, is to be chosen. *Virgil* and *Theocritus* have given us examples; for tho *Theocritus* hath in one *Idyllium* mixt other Numbers, yet that can be of no force against all the rest; and *Virgil* useth no Numbers but *Heroick*, from whence it may be inferr'd, that those are the fittest.

Pastor

Pastoral may sometimes admit plain, but not long *Narrations*, such as *Socrates* in *Plato* requires in a Poet : for he chiefly approves those who use a plain *Narration*, and commends that above all other which is short, and fitly expresseth the nature of the Thing. Some are of opinion that *Bucolicks* cannot endure *Narrations*, especially if they are very long, and imagine there are none in *Virgil* : but they have not been nice enough in their observations, for there are some, as that in *Silenus* :

*Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chancet to stray,
Where (sleeping in a Cave) Silenus lay,
Whose constant Cups fly fuming to his brain,
And always boyl in each extended vein :
His trusty Flaggon, full of potent Juice,
Was hanging by, worn out with Age, and Use, &c*

But because *Narrations* are so seldom to be found in *Theocritus*, and *Virgil*, I think they ought not to be often us'd ; yet if the matter will bear it, I believe such as *Socrates* would have, may very fitly be made use of.

The Composure will be more suitable to the Genius of a Shepherd, if now and then there are some short turns and digressions from the purpose : Such is that concerning *Pasiphae* in *Silenus*, although tis almost too long ; but we may give *Virgil* a little leave, who takes so little liberty himself.

Con-

Concerning *Descriptions* I cannot tell what to lay down, for in this matter our Guides, *Virgil*, and *Theocritus*, do not very well agree. For he in his first *Idyllium* makes such a long immoderate description of his *Cup*, that *Criticks* find fault with him, but no such description appears in all *Virgil*; for how sparing is he in his description of *Melibæus's* Beechen Pot, the work of Divine *Alcimedon*? He doth it in *five* verses, *Theocritus* runs out into *thirty*, which certainly is an argument of a wit that is very much at leisure, and unable to moderate his force. That *shortness* which *Virgil* hath prudently made choice of, is in my opinion much better; for a Shepherd, who is naturally incurious, and unobserving, cannot think that tis his duty to be exact in particulars, and describe every thing with an accurate niceness: yet *Roncardus* hath done it, a man of most correct judgment, and, in imitation of *Theocritus*, hath, considering the then poverty of our language, admirably and largely describ'd his *Cup*; and *Marinus* in his *Idylliums* hath follow'd the same example. He never keeps within compass in his *Descriptions*, for which he is deservedly blam'd; let those who would be thought accurate and men of judgment, follow *Virgil's* prudent moderation. Nor can the Others gain any advantage from *Moschus's Europa*, in which the description of the *Basket* is very long, for that *Idyllium* is not *Pastoral*: yet I confess, that some

descriptions of such trivial things, if not minutely accurate, may, if seldom us'd, be decently allow'd a place in the discourses of *Shepherds*.

But tho you must be sparing in your *Descriptions*, yet your *Comparisons* must be frequent, and the more often you use them, the better and more graceful will be the Composure; especially if taken from such things, as the *Shepherds* must be familiarly acquainted with: They are frequent in *Theocritus*, but so proper to the Country, that none but a *Shepherd* dare use them. Thus *Ménalcas* in the eighth *Idyllium*: (Snare,

*Rough Storms to Trees, to Birds the treacherous
Are frightful Evils; Springes to the Hare,
Soft Virgins Love to Man, &c.*

And *Dametas* in *Virgil's Palæmon*, (blown,
*Woolves sheep destroy, Winds Trees when new
Storms Corn, and me my Amaryllis frown.*

And that in the eighth *Eclogue*,

*As Clay grows hard, Wax soft in the same fire,
So Daphnis does in one extream desire.*

And such *Comparisons* are very frequent in him, and very suitable to the Genius of a *Shepherd*, as likewise often *repetitions*, and doublings of some words: which, if they are luckily plac'd, have an unexpressible quaintness, and make the Numbers extream sweet, and the turns ravishing and delightful. An instance of this we have in *Virgil's Melibæus*, (Tree,

Phyllis the Hazel loves; whilst Phyllis loves the

M. r.

Myrtles than Hazels of less fame shall be.

As for the *Manners* of your *Shepherds*, they must be such as theirs who liv'd in the *Islands* of the *Happy* or *Golden Age*: They must be candid, simple, and ingenuous; lovers of Goodness, and Justice, affable, and kind; strangers to all fraud, contrivance, and deceit; in their Love modest, and chaste, not one suspicious word, no loose expression to be allowed: and in this part *Theocritus* is faulty, *Virgil* never; and this difference perhaps is to be ascrib'd to their *Ages*, the times in which the latter liv'd being more polite, civil, and gentle. And therefore those who make wanton Love-stories the subject of *Pastorals*, are in my opinion very unadvis'd; for all sort of lewdness or debauchery are directly contrary to the *Innocence* of the *golden Age*. There is another thing in which *Theocritus* is faulty, and that is making his *Shepherds* too sharp, and abusive to one another; *Comatas* and *Lacon* are ready to fight, and the railing between those two is as bitter as *Billingsgate*: Now certainly such Raillery cannot be suitable to those sedate times of the *Happy Age*.

As for *Sentences*, if weighty, and Philosophical, common Sense tells us they are not fit for a *Shepherd's* mouth. Here *Theocritus* cannot be altogether excus'd, but *Virgil* deserves no reprehension. But *Proverbs* justly challenge admission into *Pastorals*, nothing being more common in the

the mouths of Countrymen than old Sayings.
 Thus much seem'd necessary to be premis'd
 out of *RAPIN*, for the direction and information
 of the Reader.

ERRATA.

p. 13. l. 15. read the wind. p. 15. l. 16. read fight. p. 60. l. 1. read Shoes. p. 95. l. 17. read whilst all. p. 112. l. 9. read of Love.



THEOCRITUS

Idyllium I.

Called *Thyrsis*, or *Ὀδυσσεύς Ἰμῆρα*.

A Goatherd perswades the Shepherd Thyrsis to bewail Daphnis who dy'd for Love, and gives him a large Cup and Goat for a reward. The Scene Sicily, about the River Himera.

Thyrsis.

Goatherd, that Pine-tree's boughs by yonder spring
In pleasing murmurs mix, and sweetly sing:
And Thou doest sweetly pipe, dear charming Swain,
And well deserv'st the next reward to Pan:
If He must have a Kid, a Goat's Thy due,
If He a Goat, a Kid belongs to You:

A

And

And that's no mean reward, for *Kids* are good,
And till *they're milk* the flesh is dainty food.

Goatherd.

And, *Shepherd*, sweeter Notes thy Pipe do fill
Than murmuring Springs that roul from yonder hill.
When *Muses* claim a *Sheep*, a *Lamb's* thy due ;
When *they* a *Lamb*, thou shalt receive a *Ewe*.

Thyrsis.

And will You, by the *Nymphs*, grant one desire,
Will you to neighbouring *shady banks* retire ,
And sit and pipe ? come show thy wond'rous skill,
I'll thank thee for't, and feed thy *Goats* the while.

Goatherd.

I dare not, faith I dare not pipe at *Noon*,
Affraid of *Pan*, for when his Hunting's done,
And He lyes down to sleep by purling streams,
He's very touchy if we break his dreams :
But *Thyrsis* (for you know fair *Daphnis* pains,
And singst the best of all the tuneful Swains)
Let's go and sit beneath yon Myrtle boughs,
Where stands *Priapus*, and the *Nymphs* repose,
Where thy *Hut's* built and many an *Acorn* grows,
And there if thou wilt pipe as sweet a Lay

As when you strove with † *Crome* and wan the day,
 He give Thee my best *Goat*, a lovely white;
 She suckles Two, yet fills Three Pails at night;
 Besides a *Cup* with sweetest Wax o're lay'd,
 A fine Two-handled Pot, and newly made:
 Still of the Tool it smells, it neatly shines,
 And round the brim a creeping Ivy twines
 With *Crocus* mixt; where Kids do seem to brouze,
 The Berryes crop, and wanton in the boughs:
 Within a *Woman* sits, a work divine,
 Thro envious vails her dazling *Beauty's* shine,
 And all around neat *Woers* offer Love,
 They strive, they quarrel, but they cannot move:
 Now smiling here, now there she casts her Eyes,
 And now to *These*, now *Those* her mind applies:
 Whilst They, their Eyes swoln big with watchful pain,
 Still Love, still beg, but all, *poor hearts*, in vain.
 Near *These* a *Fisher* on white Rocks is set,
 He seems to gather up to cast his Net:
 He stands as labouring, and his Limbs appear
 All stretcht, and in his face mix hope and fear:
 The Nerves in's Neck are swoln, look firm and strong,
 All-tho He's *old*, and fit for one that's *Young*:

† *The name of a Sheapherd.*

Next him ripe Grapes in *blushing* Clusters twine,
 And a fair *Boy* sits by to keep the Vine :
 On either side a *Fox* ; *one* widely gapes,
 Heeyes the Vines, and spoils the ripning Grapes :
 The *other* minds the Skrip, resolv'd to seize
 And rob the *Fondling* of his Bread and Cheefe ;
 Whilst He tets idly busy, neatly tyes
 Soft tender twigs, and frames a Net for Flies ;
 Plea'd with his vain designs, a careless Boy,
 And more than Grapes or Skrip he minds the Toy.
 Round all a *Creeping Woodbine* doth aspire,
 A † curious sight, i'me sure you must admire :
 'Twas *Calydons*, but when he crost the Seas
 I bought it for a Goat, and *Rammel* Cheefe :
 It never toucht my Lips. unsoild, and new,
 And this I freely will present to you,
 * If you wi I sing how in the shady Grove
 Young *Daphnis* pin d, and how He dy'd for Love.
 I am in Earnest, I will love Thee long,
 And surely mind the favour of thy song.

† Some take *Βολιχον* as relating to the Country, and would not have Calidon in the next line to be a proper Name.

* Hemsius reads *εφ' ἁλιν ἐμρον*, right no doubt, but it matters little.

Thyrsis.

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
 Begin sweet Muse, begin the rural song :
 'Tis Thyrsis song, Thyrsis from *Aetna* came,
 * Sweet is his voice, and sounding as his fame:
 Where were you *Nymphs* ? Where did the *Nymphs* reside,
 Where were you then when *Daphnis* pin'd and dy'd ?
 On *Pindus* Top, or *Tempe's* open plain ?
 Where careless *Nymphs* forgetful of the Swain ?
 For not one *Nymph* by swift *Asopus* stood,
 Nor *Aetnas* Cliff, nor *Acis* sacred flood.

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue.
 Begin, sweet Muse, begin the Rural Song :
 For him the *Woolves*, the *Pards*, and *Tigers* moan'd,
 For Him with frightful grief the *Lions* groan'd :

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
 Begin sweet Muse, begin the Rural Song.
 A thousand *Heifers*, *Bulls*, and *Cows*, and *Steers*
 Lay round his feet, and melted into Tears :

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
 Begin sweet Muse, begin the Rural Song.
 First *Hermes* came, and with a gentle touch
 He rais'd, and askt him whom he loved so much ?

† Some read, *à se parà*, some *à se*.

*Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the Rural Song.*

The Plowmen, Heardsmen, and the Sheapherds came,
And askt what ill? and what had rais'd the flame?
Priapus came from neighbouring shades, and said,
Poor Daphnis, why dost pine? why hang thy head?
* Mean while the Nymph doth o're the fields complain,
She calls the Woods, and chides the perjured Swain;

*Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the Rural song.*

Ah Daphnis loose and wanton in thy Love!
A Heardsman thought, thou dost a Goatherd prove!
A Goatherd when he sees the Kids at rut
Sits down, and grieves that He's not born a Goat;
Thus when you see the Virgins dance, you grieve
Because refus'd, and now disdain to live:

*Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the Rural Song.*

All this young Daphnis heard, but mute he fate,
Indulg'd his grief, and hastened to his Fate:

*Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the Rural Song.*

† I follow Heinlius his Comment, which seems to be the best,
and most agreeable to the Poets design.

Then

Then *Venus* came, a *Smile* her face possest,
 A faint *half smile*, fierce anger fill'd her breast :
 And said, well *Daphnis* you could fight with *Love*,
 With what success the haughty *Shepherd* strove !
 You scorn'd his Bow, and you his Darts disgrac't ;
 But *Daphnis* was not Love too strong at last ?

Pan raise my voice, *Pan* move my learned tongue ,
 Begin sweet *Muse*, begin the *Rural Song*.

And thus the *Touth* reply'd, disdainful foe,
 Ah cruel *Venus*, curst by all below ?
 The *Sun* hath told, I fall, but still shall prove
 Midst shades below a deadly plague to *Love* :

Pan raise my voice, *Pan* move my learned tongue ,
 Begin sweet *Muse*, begin the *Rural Song* :

Go, go to *Ida*, there, as story goes,
 Are *Scenes* of Pleasure, there *Anchises* does : ----
 Go *Venus*, there are shades, and *Cypress* bowers,
 And labouring Bees buz o're the rising flowers :

Pan raise my voice, *Pan* move my learned tongue ,
 Begin sweet *Muse*, begin the *rural song* :

There lives *Adonis*, there the wondrous fair,
 There feeds his Sheep, shoots Beasts, and hunts the Hare :

† This reading seems best, tho against the opinion of several
 of the Criticks.

Pan

*Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the rural song :*

Go now stout *Diomed*, go soon pursue,
Go nose him now, and boast, my Arts o'rethrew
Young *Daphnis*, fight, for I'me a match for you :

*Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the rural song :*

Ye Wolves, ye Lions, and ye Bores adieu,
For *Daphnis* walks no more in Woods with you;
Adieu fair *Arethuse*, fair streams that swell
Thro *Thymbrian* plains, ye silver streams farewell :

*Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the rural song :*

That *Daphnis* I that here my Oxen fed,
That here my Bulls and Cows to water led :

*Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,
Begin sweet Muse, begin the rural song :*

Pan, Pan, where e're you keep your *Sylvan* court,
Whether on *Lyce's* tops the *Satyrs* sport,
Or wanton o're the high *Menalian* hill;
We beg Thee visit *Sicily's* fair Ile,
Leave *Helick's* Cliff, from *Licon's* Tomb remove,
A Tomb to be admir'd by Gods above,

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,

Begin sweet Muse, begin the rural song :

Come mighty King, come *Pan*, and take my Pipe

Well joyn'd with Wax, and fitted to my Lip,

For now 'tis useless grown, *Love* stops my Breath,

I cannot Pipe, but must be *mute* in death :

Pan raise my voice, Pan move my learned tongue,

Begin sweet Muse, begin the rural song :

On every Shrub and Thorn let Lillies smile,

Let Privet berries stain the Daffadil ;

Let all things change, the Pine tree's lofty head

Let mellow Pears adorn, since *Daphni*'s dead,

Let Deer pursue the Dogs, on every bush

Let Schreech-Owls sit, and chatter with the Thrush :

Pan raise my voice no more, Pan stop my tongue,

End Muses, end, end Muse, the rural song :

This said He dy'd, fair *Venus* rub'd the Swain,

And idly strove to bring him back again ;

For cruel *Fate* had broken every thread

And o're the *Strygian* Lake young *Daphni* li'd :

The cruel waves enclos'd the lovely Boy

The *Nymphs* delight, and *Muses* chief it joy :

Pan raise my voice no more, *Pan* stop my tongue,
 End *Muses*, end, end *Muse* the rural song
 Give me the *Cup* the promis'd *Goat* produce,
 That I may milk, and offer to my *Muse*;
 Hail, *Muses*, hail, all hail ye sacred *Nine*,
 I'll still improve, and make my Song divine.

Goat-heard,

Dear *Thyrsis* ! O! may Hony drops distil,
 And Hony Combs, thy mouth, dear Sheaperd, fill!
 It fits thy sweetness, youth, for *Thyrsis* sings
 More sweet than *Insects* bred in flowry springs:
 Here take the *Cup*, view it, how rare the smell!
 As sweet as washt in the *Springs* fragrant well:
 Come * *Browning*, milk her; *Kids*, forbear to skip,
 The *Goat* is wanton, *Kids*, and he may leap.

* The name of the *Goat*.

Idyllium II.

Idyllium II.

Or the *Inchantment*.

Samætha being forsaken by Delphis resolves to try the force of Charms to recover his affection; applies herself to the Moon as a powerful Goddess in both those matters, and after she hath sent away her maid, tells the story of her misfortune.

To GEORGE PITT Jun. Esquire.

Fill! Maid, where's my *Lawrel*? Oh my raging Soul!
 Maid, where's the *Potion*? fill the *Bason* full,
 And crown the narrow brim with *Purple* wool:
 That I might charm my false, my perjur'd Swain,
 And force him back into my arms again:
 skip, For *Cruel* he these Twelve long days hath fled,
 And knows not whether I'm alive or dead:
 He hath not broke my *Doors* these Twelve long
 Ah me! perhaps his varying Love decays, (days,
 Or else he dotes upon another face.
 I'll run to morrow to the *Fencing* house,
 m II And ask him what he means to use me thus:
 But now I'll charm him, *Moon*, shine bright and clear,
 To thee I will direct my secret prayer;

To *Thee*, and *Hecate*, whom *Dogs* do dread
 When stain'd with gore, she stalks amidst the dead:
 Hail frightful *Hecate*, assist me still
 Make mine as great as fam'd *Medea's* skill :

* *Jynx* restore my false, my perjur'd Swain
 And force him back into my Arms again.

First burn the *Flower*, then strew the * other on,
 Strew it. How ? where's your sense and duty gone ?
 Base *Thestylis* ! and am I so forlorn,
 And grown so low that I'm become your scorn !
 But strew the * *Salt*, and say in angry tones
 I scatter *Delphids*, perjur'd *Delphids* bones.

Jynx restore my false, my perjur'd Swain
 And force him back into my Arms again.

First *Delphid* injur'd me, he rais'd my flame,
 And now I burn this *Bough* in *Delphids* name :
 As this doth blaze, and break away in fume,
 How soon it takes ! let *Delphids* Flesh consume.

* *A Bird sacred to Venus much used in Love Charms*

* ἀλλ' ἄλλ' ἄλλ' ἄλλ'

* πρὸς ἀλλὰ ἄλλ' ἄλλ'

(Jynx)

Jynx restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,

And force him back into my Arms again.

As this devoted *Wax* melts ore the *Fire*

Let *Mindian Delphy* melt in warm desire,

And, *Venus*, as I whirl this *brazen bowl*,

Before my doors let perjur'd *Delphid* rowl:

Jynx restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,

And force him back into my Arms again.

Now now I strow the *Flower*, *Moon* you can bow

E'en *Rhadamanth*, and all that's fierce below,

Hark *Thestilis* our Dogs begin to howl,

The *Goddeſs* comes, go beat the *brazen bowl*.

Jynx restore my false, m perjur'd Swain,

And force him back into my Arms again.

The *Sea* grows smooth, and ease becalms my *Wind*.

But griefs still rage, and toſs m/ troubled mind:

I burn for *Him*, for *Him* whose Arts betrayd

And wrought my shame, for I'me no more a *maid*.

Jynx restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,

And force him back into my arms again.

Thrice, thrice I pour, and thrice repeat my charms,

What

What ever *Boy or Maid* now fills his arms,
 Let dark oblivion spread o're *Delphids* mind ,
 As dark as that, that once did *Theseus* blind
 When he at *Naxos* left his Love behind.

Hippomanes a Plant *Arcadia* bears,
 This makes Steeds mad, and this excites the Mares,
 And Oh that I could see my *Delphid* come
 From th' *Oyly Fencing House* so raving home.

Jynx restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,
 And force him back into my Arms again.

This piece from dear false *Delphids* garment torn
 I tear again, and am resolv'd to burn,
 Ah cruel Love ! ah most relentless God,
 Why like a Leech still eager on his food,
 Dost wound my heart, and suck out all my blood ?

Jynx restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,
 And force him back into my Arms again.

A *Lizzard* squeez'd shall make a powerful bowl
 To morrow, strong to tame his stubborn Soul :
 Now take these Poysons, I'll procure thee more,
 And strew them at the *Threshold* of his door,

* The story of *Theseus* and *Ariadne* is known.

That door where violent *Love* hath fixt my mind,
Tho he regards not ; *Cruel* and *Unkind* !
Strew them, and spitting say in angry tones,
I scatter *Delphids*, perjur'd *Delphids* bones.

Jynx restore my false, my perjur'd Swain,
And force him back into my arms again.

Now I'm alone shall I lament my state ?
But where shall I begin ? what wrought my Fate ?
Anaxo Eubul's daughter neatly drest
Begg'd me to go and see *Diana's* feast,
For fame had told, *Wild beasts* must there be shown
In solem pomp, a *Lioness* was one.

Tell sacred Moon what first did raise thy flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.

With Hers my Nurse, did all her vows unite,
And bad me go, for 'twould be worth my night,
So forc't, and finely drest, in Pomp and State
I went, attended by an evil Fate.

Tell Sacred Moon what first did raise my flame
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.

Near *Lyco's* Houe break thro the yielding throng,
I saw my *Delphis*, vigorous, stout, and young,

A Golden Down spread o're his youthful Chin,
 His breast, bright *Moon*, was brighter far than thine:
 For spread with *glorious* Ovl he lately came
 From *noble Fenceing*, and from winning Fame :

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame
 And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.*

Oh when I saw, how did the sight surprize !
 My *Soul* took Fire, and *sparkeld* thro my eyes,
 My *Color* chang'd, regardless of the show
 I hasted home, but came I know not how ;
 A burning seavour seiz'd my *thoughtful head*,
 And *Twelve* long days and nights I kept my bed,

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame,
 And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came*
 My *Rosy Color* d'yd into a Pale,
 My *Eyes* grew dim, my hair began to fall,
 Meer Skin and Bones, I liv'd, I breath'd and prayd,
 And fought to every Cunning man for aid :
 All *charms* were try'd, and various *Figures* cast,
 But ah no help, and time did swiftly wast :

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame,
 And whence my Pain, and whence my passion came.*

*At last I told my Maid the naked truth,
Go Thestylis, have pitty on my youth ;
Go find some cure to ease my raging smart ;
Young Delphid is the Tyrant of my Heart :
Go to the Fencing House, ther's his delight,
For there he walks, and there he loves to sit.*

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.*

And if alone, give him a gentle Nod,
And softly tell him that *Samatha* wou'd
(Speak, speak, tho modest fear doth strike thee dumb)
Enjoy him here, and beg him he would come.
She went, she found, and told him what I said,
He Gladly heard, and eagerly obey'd.
But when he came, how great was the surprize
Chills shook my Soul, and I grew cold as Ice:

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.*

Cold sweat flow'd down my Cheeks like driving rain,
And when I strove to speak, I strove in vain ;
No noise would come, not such as lull'd in rest
Young *Infants* murmur o're their mothers breast :
No sign of Life did thro my Limbs appear,

But

But I grew stiff, stiff as this *Gold* I wear :

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.*

Then *cruel* he fate down, he prest my bed,
His eyes were fixt, and as he fate he said,
Samætha you do me as far surpasse,
As I *Philistinus* when we ran the race ;
Too quick for me in this your kind intent,
You did my hast, tho not my wish prevent.

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.*

For I had come at night, by *Love* tis true,
Unsent for I had come to wait on you :
With Apples in my Lap, with * *Poplar* crown'd
With Ivy twin'd, and Ribbons neatly bound :

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame,
And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.*

Where if *admitted* t' had been kindly done
For I am thought the *beauty* of the Town ;

* *This was the Custom to wait on their beloved with these Love Toys, as Apples, and Garlands to perform their Ceremony called ἀνιδνωσις, His was to be of Poplar as befitting a Wrestler, being a Tree sacred to Hercules.*

And

And tho perhaps I wisht for greater blifs
 I would have been contented with a kifs ;
 But if deny'd, or flam'd with dull delay
 Streight fire and force had come, and broke a way :

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame,
 And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.*

But now to *Venus* my first thanks are due,
 The next *Samætha* must be paid to you,
 To you *Samætha*, you, whose gentle hand
 From raging fires secur'd the flaming brand,
 And saved poor half-burnt Me, for *Love* doth raise
 Fires fierce as those that in hot *Ætna* blaze ;

*Tell sacred Moon what first did raise my flame,
 And whence my Pain, and whence my Passion came.*

Young tender *Maids* to unknown Madnefs drives,
 And from warm *Husbands* Arms it forces Wives :
 Thus *He*, and heedless I believ'd too soon,
 He prest *My* hand in *His*, and laid me down
 On the soft bed, when streight lock't Arm in Arm
 In strickt embraces both grew gently warm ;
 Our breath was hot and short, we panting lay,
 We look't, we murmur'd, and we dy'd away :
 Our Cheeks did glow, and fainting vertue strove,

At last it yielded to the force of Love :
 But what need all this talk ? bright sacred Moon,
Both were well pleas'd, and some strange thing was done :
 And ever since we lov'd, and liv'd at ease,
 No *sullen* Minutes broke our *Happiness* ;
 Till soon this morning e're the Sun could rise,
 And drive his Charriot thro the yielding Skies
 To fetch the Rosy Morn from waves below,
 I heard the fatal news, and knew my woe :
 My *Maids* own *Mother*, she that lives hard by
 An Honest Woman, and she scorns to ly ;
 She came and askt me, is your *Delphid* kind ? :
 And have you firm possession of his Mind ?
 For I am iure, but whether *Maid* or *Boy*
 I cannot tell, he courts *another* joy :
 For he drinks *Healts*, and when those *Healts* are past
 He must be gone, and goes away in hast :
 Besides with Garlands all his Rooms are drest,
 And he prepares, as for a Marriage Feast ;
 This as as she walkt last night she chanc't to view,
 And told it me, and oh, I fear 'tis true !
 For *He* was wont to come twice, thrice a day,
 He saw me still as he return'd from play ;
 But now since *he* was here twelve nights are past,
 Am I forgotten ? am I left at last ?

Whil

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Whilst *perjur'd* he for other Beauty burns,
My Love I'me sure deserv'd more kind returns,
But now I'le Charm, but if he scorns me still
I'le force him down to Hell, by Fate, I will :
Such powerful drugs a *Witch* did once impart
She taught me such strange Charms, such force of Art :
But now farewell bright *Moon*, turn lovely Moon
To Waves below, and drive thy Charriot down,
Go lovely *Moon*, and wake the sleepy Morn :
I'le bear my trouble still, as I have born ;
Farewel, and you attending Stars that wheel
Round Nights black Axle-tree, bright Stars, farewell.

Idyl.

Idyllium III.

*The Goatherd.**He repines at the coyness of his Mistress and ends in despair.*

I go to *Phyllis*, and on yonder Rock
 My Goats are fed, and *Tityrus* keeps my flock ;
 Dear *Tityrus* watch, and see the Goats be fed,
 To morning Pastures, Evening Waters led,
 But 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgling's butting head :
 Ah lovely *Phyllis* why so wondrous coy !
 Why wo'nt you take me to the promis'd joy ?
 Why wo'nt you meet me now in yonder Grove
 Lean on my Breast, and Kifs, and call me Love ?
 Dost hate me, *Phyllis*? do's my Nose when near
 Seem hookt, too long my Beard, and rough my hair ?
 Am I deform'd ? displeasing to thy Eye !
 Crown ugly now ! I see that I must dye :
 Ten Apples I have sent, you show'd the Tree,
 Ten more to morrow ; all I pluck for Thee ;
 Could I enjoy what e're my wish can crave,
 I'de turn that *Bee* that flies into thy Cave,

There

There softly thro thy shady Garland creep,
And steal a Kiss when you are fast asleep;
I know what *Love* is now, a cruel God,
A Tygres bore, and nurs't him in a Wood;
A cruel God, he shoots thro every vein,
And fires my bones, have pitty on my pain:

Dear, black ey'd sweet, all stone, ah lovely face,
Be kind again, and grant one kind embrace;
Do, clasp thy humble Swain, and grant one Kiss,
E'en empty Kisses have a secret bliss.

I rave, and I shall tear the Crowns I made,
Of Fragrant Parsly twin'd, to grace your head;
Ah me! unhappy me! what pains I bear?
Ah me! undone! yet you refuse to hear:
My Jerkin's off, I'll leap into the flood
From yon high Kock, where *Olpis* often stood
To snare his Trouts; and tho I do not drown
'Twill please Thee *Phyllis*, sure, to hear 'twas done:
All this I knew: when I design'd to prove
Whether I should be happy in my Love,
I prest the *Long-live*, but invain did prest,
It gave no lucky sound of good success:
To *Agrio* too I made the same demand,
A cunning Woman she, I crost her hand;
She turn'd the Sieve and Sheers, and told me true,

That

That I should love, but not be lov'd by you :
 I have a pretty Goat, a lovely white,
 She bears two Kids, yet fills three Pails at night,
 This *tawny Bess* hath beg'd, and beg'd in vain,
 But now 'tis hers since you my gifts disdain :
 My right Eye itches now, and shall I see
 My Love ? I'll lit and pipe by yonder tree,
 And she may look on me, she may be won,
 She may be kind, she is not perfect Stone :
 When young *Hippomanes* sought the Maids embrace,
 He took the Golden fruit, and ran the race.
 But when she view'd, how strong was the surprize !
 Her Soul took Fire, and sparkled thro her Eyes,
 How did her passions, how her fury move !
 How soon she leapt into the deepest Love !
 From *Aetna's* top to *Pyle Melampus* drove
 His tender Flock, and met a noble Love :
 Wife *Alphis's* mother opened all her charms
 To *Bias* Eyes, and wanton'd in his Arms :
Adonis liv'd a Swain, and yet the Boy
 Fir'd *Venus* breast, she prov'd so mad for joy
 That in her lap she warm'd his dying Head,
 Kiss'd his cold Lips, and would not think him dead :
 Tho young *Endymion* fed ten Thousand Sheep,
 I envy nothing but his lasting sleep :

I en

I envy *Jason's* happy dreams, my Dear,
They tasted joys which no prophane must hear,
Joys too divine for an unhallow'd Ear:
Ah me my head ! but who regards my pain !
Ple fall, despair, and never pipe again :
A prey to Woolvs, 'twill be a dainty feast,
And sweeter far than Hony to thy tast.

}

D

Idyl-

Idyllium IV.

Battus and Corydon in a pastoral way discourse of
several things.

To His good friend Mr. E. Lyde of Horfpath.

- B.** **W**Hose Herds? *Philonda's*? tell whose Herds they
C. *Ægon's*, for *Ægon* gave them to my care
B. Do'nt you play false, and sometimes milk a Cow,
By stealth? C. No, my old Master eyes me so,
Gives the Calves suck, and watches what I do :
B. But where is *Ægon*? where's the Herdsman gone?
C. What ha'nt you heard? for sure the story's known
B. Not I, I live out of the road of Fame :
C. *Milo* hath him drawn to th' *Olympian* game :
B. And what will He do there, rude artless Swain?
C. But yet his strength is fam'd o're all the plain ;
As big as *Hercules*, as stout and strong,
B. More known for brutal force, than fam'd for Song
C. He nere plaid Cudgels but he broak a head,
Stout *Caster's* match I'me sure my mother said :

A score

A score
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* F

A score of* Sheep he carried, and a Spade,
 B. What will not *Milo* do, that can persuade
 This Clown to leave his wealth, and court a shade?
 C. His Cows here want him, and mourn o're the plain:
 B. Poor Beasts! and how unhappy in a Swain!
 C. Poor beasts! they will not eat, but idly low;
 B. Ah careless Herdsman! look on yonder Cow,
 Poor Beast I pity her, how vastly thin!
 Her bones are creeping thro the famisht skin:
 See you may tell her Ribs, her entrails view:
 What, like an Insect, doth she feed on Dew?
 C. No; and I hope to see her shortly prove,
 She sometimes doth in *Latym's* shady Grove
 And sometimes o're *Asaru's* pastures stray,
 And there I feed her at a rack of Hay:
 B. Look that red Bull is lean, meer skin and bone,
 May the *Lampridæ*, when they would attone
 Great *Juno's* anger; meet with such a one;
 Lean be his aged flesh, corrupt his blood,
 For they deserv't, ah tis a curst brood:

* For die: and exercise before he Wrestled.

C. And yet I feed him, by the Springs He goes,
Or in *Neatba's* plains, where plenty flows,
The Gilcup, Cowslip, and the Dazy grows :

B. Ah wretched *Ægon* here thy Oxen dye
Whilst you pursue a foolish Victory :
Thy best new Pipe is spoyl'd, tis mouldy grown,
Alas it must be spoyl'd now Thou art gone :

C. No fear of that, for when He went away
He gave it me, and, *Battus*, I can play :
I sing smooth *Pyrrhus* songs. I gain renown
To *Croto*, *Zacynth* is a pretty Town,
Lacinus rises proudly to the East,
There *Ægon* once eat eighty Cakes at least :
There did I see him whilst He bravely strove,
Draw down the Bull, and give him to his love,
To *Amaryllis*, all with joy were fill'd
The Women shouted, and the Herdsman smil'd :

B. Ah lovely *Amaryllis*, you alone
Do still possess my mind, tho dead and gone ;
Dear as my Goats you dy'd, and left me here
Ah me how hard's my Fate, and how severe !

C. Cheer up, dear *Battus*, better days may come
To morrow, chance, may bring a milder doom :

Th'

Th' alive may hope, the dead are hopeleſs, loſt ;

Jove ſometimes ſmiles, and ſometimes *frowns* in froſt

B. I do cheer up, but drive your Heifers down

They ſpoil my Olives, *Browning*, Hiſt, begone :

C. Hah, *Colly*, to the bank : not ſtir by *Jove* ?

If I come to ye, In faith, I'll make ye move :

See now ſhe runs this way ; a curſed Cow !

Had I my Paddle thou ſhouldeſt feel me now :

B. Look here for God's ſake, oh it pricks, it pricks !

I've caught a thorn, oh me how deep it ſticks !

Praꝝ pull it out, doſt ſee it ? look 'tis there ;

Pox take the Cow, I'm ſure 'twas long of her :

C. I have it out, 'twas this, come, all is well,

B. How ſmall the wound, yet what vaſt Courage fell !

C. Ne're walk ore mountains, *Swain*, without your Shoe,

For there are thorns, and there ſharp prickles grow :

B. But *Swain*, does thy old Maſter ſtill purſue

His old Sweet-heart, or doth he court a new ;

C. His old one ſtill, poor wretch ! in yonder grove

I trac'd, and found them in a Scene of Love :

B. Oh brave old luſty Goat ! thy race may vye

With ſmall ſhank't *Pan*'s, or *Satyr*'s Leachery !

Idyl-

Idyllium V.

*The Goatherd Comatas, and Herdsman Laco contend
in Singing, They lay a Wager, and chuse Morfo Judge :
The victory is determin'd on the Goatherd's side.*

To Owen Salisbury Esquire.

- C. **F**LY Goats fly *Laco*, fly, and safely feed ;
He stole my skin last night, dear Goats take heed :
- L. Lambs do'nt you fly the springs ? Lambs don't you
When He that lately stole my Pipe's so near ? (fear,
- C. Thy Pipe! what Pipe hadst Thou, thou slavish lout, }
Couldst Thou and *Corydon* do ought but toot }
On Oaten straws, to please the foolish rout ? }
- L. The Pipe that *Lycon* gave, free haughty fool ;
But pray what skin was that that *Laco* stole ?
What skin *Comatas* ? where couldst thou have one ?
Thy master wants a skin to sleep upon :
- C. That spotted skin which, when He kill'd a Goat
To th' Nymphs, *Dick* gave ; which you, you envious Sot,
Then griev'd to see ; and now by knavish theft
Hast rob'd me of, 'twas all that I had left :
- L. By *Pan* not *Laco*, not *Calaitis* Son
Did steal thy Pipe, or know by whom 'twas done ;

If this be'nt true, may I grow frantick, leap
From yonder Rocks, and sink into the Deep :

C. And by the Fountain Nymphs, (those Nymphs I find
My constant friends, still generous and kind)

Comatas did not steal thy Pipe, believe
That this is true. and I thy fault forgive :

L. If I believe Thee may I bear the pains
That *Daphnis* bore, but since you boast your strains,
Come stake a Goat, I'll pipe when e're you will,
Till you grow weary, and confess my skill :

C. A Sow, *Minerva* : I'me content to lay
A Kid, you stake a Lamb, and then let's play :

L. And how's that equal? oh you crafty fool,
Pray who Goats hair did ever shear for Wool?

C. He that's as sure as you are to excel,
(Tho Wasps with Grasshoppers may strive as well)
But since you think a Kid no equal stake,
Look there's a full-grown Goat, you shan't draw back :

L. Soft, soft, good Sir; and let us hence remove,
There's better singing in that shady Grove;
For there *cold water* flows, there Herbs do spring,
And there are grassy beds, and locusts sing :

C. I'me not in hast, but yet I'me vext to see,

That

That Thou shouldst dare at last to strive with me ;
 With me who when a Boy did teach thee strains,
 Are these the kind returns for all my pains ?

But breed a Woolf, or an ungrateful Bear,
 And He'll devour Thee for thy former care :

L. Pray when did I, you envious railing Sot,
 E're learn, or hear from you one graceful Note ?

But pray come hither, here are beds of grass
 And here wee'll sing, 'tis a convenient place :

C. I'll not go thither, here are Cypress bowers,
 Here labouring Bees buz o're the rising flowers ;
 Here *two cold streams*, and here a fountain flows,
 And prattling Birds do murmur thro the boughs :
 Thy shade's not half so good, here Pines do grow,
 Rear lofty heads, and scatter Nuts below :

L. No rather go with me, and every step
 Shall tread on *Lamb skins* Wool more soft than Sleep ;
 In thine are *Goat skins* spread of gasty hue,
 They smell as rank, nay almost worse than you :
 One bowl of Milk I to the *Nymphs* will crown,
 And one of Oyl, if that will draw Thee on :

C. No, go with me, for mine are fairer bowers ;
 There Thou shalt tread upon the sweetest flowers :
 Besides o're all I'll spread a lovely Skin,

'Tis

'Tis ten times softer, and as sweet as thine :

Eight Bowls of Milk to *Pan* I'll freely Crown,
Of Hony eight, if that will draw Thee on ;

L. Come then I'll go, the doubt at last is clear'd
Your skins, your shades shall be for once preferr'd ;
But who shall judge, and who shall hear us play ?
I wish the Herdsman *Licop* came this way :

C. I don't care much for him, but here's as good
Morfon the Keeper of our Master's Wood,
He makes your Faggots, and if you'll consent
We'll call him, He shall be our Judge, *L.* content :

C. Then call him: *L.* Friend, come here, we now contest
Which tunes the Rural Pipe, which Sings the best,
Whose Art is greatest must be judg'd by Thee,
Judge right, and neither favor him, nor me :

C. No, *Morfon*, let desert thy judgement guide,

EP. Be faire to both, and lean to neither side ;

This flock is *Thurius* flock, and these forsooth
Eumara's Goats; that you may know us both:

L. Did any ask to whom These flocks belong,
To me, or *i'burius*? oh Thou hast a Tongue !

E. What ere I say, I'm sure, is nought but Truth,
I scorn to boast ; But you've a railing mouth :

E

L. Sing,

'Tis

L. Sing, sing, but let thy friend return again,
Alive; *Comatas*! Oh how sweet a Swain!

C. Me more than *Daphnis* all the *Muses* love,
Two Kids I lately offer'd in a Grove:

L. And me *Apollo* loves, a wanton Steer
I feed to offer, for his feast is near:

C. I milk two Goats; A maid in yonder Plain:
Lookt on, and sigh'd, *dost milk thy self, poor Swain!*

L. Ha, *Laco*, hah, full twenty fats can fill
With Cheese, and hath a lovely youth at will:

C. The fair *Calistris*, as my Goats I drove,
With Apples pelts me, and still murmurs Love:

L. And me smooth *Cratid*, when He meets me, fires;
I burn, I rage, and am all wild desires:

C. Who with the Rose, whose flower the bush adorns,
Compares the meaner beauties of the Thorns?

L. And who will *Sloes* with *Damzen Plums* compare?
For those are *black*, and these are *lovely* fair:

C. I'll give my Dear a *Dove*, in yonder woods
I'll climb, and take her down, for there she broods:

L. A *fleece* to make a Coat, when first I shear
Black Rams, I will present unto my Dear:

C. Goats from the Olives, come and feed below,
By this declining bank; there Myrtles grow:

L. Ho,

L. Ho, *Sharp-horn, Browning*, leave those hurtful weeds?
And come and graze this way, where *Colly* feeds :

C. I have a *Cypress* Pail, and Cup ; 'tis new,
Well wrought, and this, my Love, I keep for you :

L. I have a sturdy *Spock*, it *Woolvs* will seize,
With this my *Boy* may hunt what Beasts He please :

C. You *Locusts*, you, that o're my fences throng,
Hurt not my *Vines* too much, for they are young :

L. See *Grafshoppers*, see how I nearly touch
The *Goatherd* , Reapers you provoke as much :

C. I hate the *brush tail'd Fox*, He comes at night,
Eats *Myco's* Vines ; and then prepares for flight :

L. I hate the *Beetles*, for they always prey
On my *Philonda's* Figgs ; then whisk away :

C. And do'nt you mind, when I---you know the trick--
You wanton d, laught, and clung to yonder stick :

L. Not that : but when your Master us'd to bind
And lash you there, I know ; for that I mind :

C. He's angry, *Morson* : art Thou frantick Swain ?
Gogather *Scilla*, that will purge thy brain :

L. *Morson*, I nettle him, I vex him more,
Swain thou art Mad, go gather *Helebore* :

C. With milk *Himera*, and let *Crathis* flow
With purple Wine ; let Figgs on Brambles grow :

L. Let *Sybaris* roul Honey, every Urn

My Servant dips with flowing Combs return :

C. My Goats eat Thyme, on Figs they freely brouze,
They walk on Flaggs, and ly on tender Boughs :

L. My Sheep eat Parsly, thro the fields they stray,
They crop sweet flowers, and Dazies all the day :

C. I love not *Alcipp* ; (She I hop'd would prove
More kind) when I presented Her a Dove,
She did not clasp, and kifs, and call me Love ;

L. I love *Eumedes* much, I gave my Pipe,
How sweet a kifs he gave ; ah charming Lip !

C. Thou art contentious, *Lacon*, end thy strains ;
Pyes should not strive with Thrushes, *Owls* with Swans :

Morfon.

End, Shepherd, end thy strains, and dye for shame,
For *Morfon* says *Comatas* wins the Lamb :

Go offer to the Muse, and send a Peice
To *Morfon*, for He claims it as his fees :

Comatas.

I will by *Pan*, my Goats all leap for joy :
And I'll frisk too, I'll leap into the Sky :
I'll toot at *Lacon*, I have won the Lamb,
Go foolish Shepherd, pine, and dye for shame :

Frisk

Frisk, Goats, and leap ; in *Sybaris* purling spring
I'll wash you all, and all the while I'll sing :
Push not the Kids, you Goat, till I have done
The Sacrifice, if you dare push but one,
Thou shalt--- how now? well, thou shalt smart for this,
Or may *Comatas*, He that wan the prize,
Forget his Pipe, and loose his flock, be poor ;
And basely beg his bread at *Laco's* door.

Idyl.

Idyllium VI.

Damætas and Daphnis, meeting at noon, sing ; Daphnis applies his Song to Polyphemus, who was in Love with Galatæa, and Damætas in his Person answers.

To Thomas Wyndham of Lincolns Inn, Esquire.

D *Amatas* and the Herdsman *Daphnis* drove
 Their flocks to feed, and took one shady grove ;
 The one was bearded, of a charming grace,
 The other young ; Down cloath'd his lovely face ;
 They sate and wanton'd by a purling spring
 I'th Middays heat ; and thus began to sing ;
 The lowing Herds lay round, and quencht their thirst ;
 First *Daphnis* sang, for He had challeng'd first :

Daphnis.

Fair *Galatæa* from the smiling deep
 With Apples, *Polyphemus*, pelts thy Sheep ;
 (See from the shore they all with hast remove)
 And says a Goatherd's an unskilful Love :
 But you poor wretch, ah wretch ! ne're view the Maid,
 But sit, and pipe ; and call to floods for aid :
 See there again, see how she pelts thy Spock,
 The faithful Dog that keeps thy wandering flock ;

Hah

Hah, how he barks ! and in a wild amaze
 Looks o're the flood ! and whilst by shores he strays }
 His shadow in the quiet water plays: }
 Ah ! call him back, lest when the Maid appears
 He rushes on, and her fair limbs he tears :
 But there she wantons, she, the charming fair,
 As Down of thistles in the Summer Air ;
 And driven still by an unlucky fate
 Flies those that love, and follows those that hate :
 Her ways are foolish, and in vain she tries ;
 But, *Polyphem*, mean things do oft surprize, }
 For Love is Magick, and deceives the Eys: }

Damatas.

And next *Damatas* sang ; I chanc't to look,
 By *Pan* I did, whilst she did pelt my flock ;
 She could not scape this Eye, this single one
 By which I see, and will, till Life is gone ;
 Tho *Tellemus* foretells strange ills to come ;
 Oh let him take, and keep his ills at home, }
 And for his Children treasure up the Doom ! }
 But straightways I, to raise her flame the more,
 Seem not to see her trace the yielding shore ;
 't can pretend I court another Mifs ;
 When how she frets, Good God ! and how she dys !

Oh

Oh with what eager hast she leaves the waves !
 My Folds she searches, and looks o're my Caves :
 Besides, my Dog, He is at my command,
 Shall bark at her, and gently bite her hand :
 For whilst she was my Love, the only she,
 He fawn'd, and laid his head upon her knee :
 This if I practise long, shee'll strive to move,
 And send a Message to declare her Love :
 But I will shut my door, and scorn to heed,
 Unless she swears that she will grant her bed ;
 For I'me not ugly, for last night I stood
 And view'd my Figure in a quiet flood ;
 Let men say what they will, my face is fair,
 My *Beard* is fine, I'me sure ; and neat my hair,
 And this *one Eye*, in my Opinion, rare :
 I have a set of Teeth, a finer white
 No *Parian Marble* boasts, a lovely sight :
 But lest she charm me, I have murmur'd thrice,
 Spit thrice ; for old *Corytto* taught me this ;
 She that of late in rich *Hyppocoon's* room
 Sate mid's't the Reapers, and sang Harvest home :
 Thus sang *Dametas*, and with eager joy
 Young *Daphnis* kiss'd, and claps't the lovely Boy :

I gav
 A Pip
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 Whil
 The

I gave them gifts that suited with their youth,
A Pipe, and Flute; and so I pleas'd them both :
The jocund Heifers wanton'd o're the fields
Whilst both unconquer'd stand, and neither yields :

F

Idyl.

Idyllium. VII.

Theocritus was entertain'd by Phrasidamus and Amyntones Licop's Sons, and invited into the Country to a feast they then kept: As He was going He met Lycidas the Cretan, and each sings of his Love.

To Mr. Tho Curganven.

NOW Ceres feast, was come, the Corn was grown
 When I, and dear *Eumedes* left the Town,
Amyntas made a third; we all design'd
 To pay a visit to a special friend,
 Rich *Licop's* Son, for then He kept the feast,
 And kindly bad me be a welcome guest:
 Rich *Lycop's* Son, the glory of the Plains,
 For generous blood runs thro his noble veins;
 From *Chalco* down it came, the brave, the bold,
 And gather'd still fresh honors as it roll'd.
 From *Chalco* down, That *He*, by whose command
 The *Bourian* spring o'reflows the fruitful Land,
 Around it Dazies grow, and all above
 Tall Poplars spread, and make a shady Grove:
 Scarce had we gone thro half the neighbouring Plain,
 By *Brasils* Tomb we met a museing Swain:
 His name was *Lycidas*, the gay the yongg,
 A *Cretan* born, and fam'd for Rural Song:

Soon as we saw him, He by all was known
 To be a *Goatherd*, for He lookt like one :
 For o're his shoulders hairy skins were spread,
 They smelt as newly tand, or newly flead ;
 A tatter'd Mantle o're his breast was cast,
 And ty'd with an old girdle to his waist ;
 His right hand with a knotty Crab was fill'd ;
 He lookt on me, and as he lookt, he smil'd :
 Gay, vigorous, sweet, and in the pride of youth,
 And as he spake a smile sat on his mouth :

Where, *Smichidas*, where now at burning Noon,
 What urgent business makes Thee leave the Town ?
 Whilst bleating flocks do seek the shades and cool,
 And every Lizzard creeps into his hole ?
 What feast invites, or now I view your dress,
 Who treads his Grapes, and calls you to the press ?
 Hark how at every step, you walk so fast,
 The Stones rebound, and tell you are in haste :

And I reply'd ; dear glory of the Plains
 How great, how just a praise commends thy strains ?
 Dear skilful Piper, Fame does loudly tell
 That you the Reapers, and the Swains excel,
 I'm glad on't, tho I think I pipe as well.
 We go to *Ceres* feast, this way we bend,
 And make a visit to a special friend,

He keeps it now, for she hath throng'd his floor ;
 And payes the early tributes of his store :
 But since we walk one way, since time perswades,
 And we are far remov'd from gloomy shades ;
 Let's Pipe, and wanton as we walk along,
 For we may please each other with a Song :
 For I can sing, and by our *flattering* Youth
 I'me prais'd, and call'd the charming *Muses* mouth ;
 They say I pipe the best, and would deceive
 By praise ; but I'me not easy to believe :
 My Songs are mean, my Pipe claims no repute
 Compar'd to *Secli's* or *Phileta's* Flute ;
 They me, and thus convince the flattering vogue,
 As *Locusts* tunes excell the croaking *Frog* :
 Thus I designdly ; then He smil'd, and said,
 What glories, *Smichidas*, adorn thy head ?
 Here take this Club, this token of my Love,
 'Tis justly thine, thou care of mighty *Jove* :
 I hate the *Mason*, that, to boast his skill,
 Would raise a house to equal yonder hill :
 And those that rival the *Sicilian* Swain,
 I hate as much ; and think their hopes as vain :
 But come, let's sing the Song I lately made,
 My Goats fed round, and wanton'd as I play'd ;
 See if you like it ; it hath pleas'd the Swains,

And sounds the best and newest of the Plains :

Kind breathing Gales to *Mitylenian* shores ;
Shall waft my *Agis*, *Nymphs* shall guide his Oars ;
Tho rainy South-winds angry Waves do raise,
And rough *Orion* steps into the Seas ;
Oh would he ease my pains, give just returns,
And Love for Love, for him the *Goatherd* burns :
Let *Halcyons* smoothe the Seas, the Storms allay
And skim the floods before him all the way :
The *Nymphs* lov'd bird, of all that haunt the flood,
Skim o're the Waves, and dive for swimming food :
Let my dear *Agis*, cut the angry Tide,
And reach his Port, and there securely ride ;
For then with Violets or with Roses crown'd
I'll sport a Glass, and see his Health go round ;
I'll tost my Beans, to raise pall'd Appetite.
Make me drink on, and lengthen the Delight :
Whilst stretch on Beds I'll spend my easy hours,
And roul, till I have lost my self in flowers :
Then to his Health I'll sport a lusty Bowl,
And pour Dear *Agis* Love into my Soul :
Two Swains shall Pipe, the best of all the youth,
And skillful *Richards* voice shall joyn with both,
How Herdsman *Daphnis* did for *Xenea* burn,
Trace o're the Woods, complaining of her scorn :

How

How Groves, and Echoes to his groans reply'd,
 And smooth *Himera* murmur'd when He dy'd :
 For He, as Snow when Summer heats the Grove
 Of *Ætna*, melted by the flame of Love :

And how when force weak Innocence oppress'd,
 The Swain was shut alive into a Chest.

And how the *labouring* Bees in every Plain
 Forsook their flowers, and buz'd about the Swain,
 Because the *Muse* had fill'd his charming mouth
 With *Nectar*, and preserv'd the pious youth :
 Happy *Comatas*, happy thou, the blest

And wondrous darling at the *Muses* feast ;
 Full twelve months nourisht by the labouring Bee,
 Oh had I then been born and liv'd with Thee !
 Then had I fed thy flock, and heard thy Pipe,
 Paid with a tune, and hung upon thy Lip ;
 Whilst by a shady Tree, or purling spring
 Divine *Comatas*, thou shouldst sit and sing :
 Thus He, then I, dear *Swain*, whilst o're the hill
 I drove the Herds, the *Muse* improv'd my skill,
 Sweet tunes she taught, which fame hath rais'd above,
 And bore on high to please the Ears of *Jove* :
 But this is choicest which I'll now produce
 To pleasure Thee, Thou darling of the *Muse*.

Love

Love sneez'd on *Smichid*, for He *Myrto* loves
As much as Goats the Spring, or Swains the Groves :
Aratus too his dearest friend and joy,
His dear *Aratus* deeply loves the Boy :
And this sweet *Acis* knows, the gay, the young ;
Acis, a theme for great *Apollo's* Song :
He knows how dear *Aratus* loves, he knows
How great his flame, and how his passion grows :
Pan, green *Homala's* Guardian, move the coy
The soft *Philinus* ; and enflame the Boy ;
Grown wanton, gay, and lavish of his Charms,
Uncall'd for let him fly into his Arms :
Ye smiling Loves, fair *Venus* soft delight,
Like ruddy *Apples* pleasing to the sight,
Leave *Bybli's* fountain, leave her purling streams
That scorch the fields with her forbidden flames,
And shoot *Philinus*, wound his stubborn mind,
Shoot ; for he hath no pitty for his friend ;
Tho soft as Parsly, tender as the Vine,
And oh that he would clasp his Arms in mine !
Mean while the weomen cry, and shake their heads
Ah ! ah ! *Philinus*, ah thy Beauty fades !
But dear *Aratus* let's endure no more
Forget our Love, and fly the hated door :

And

And when the Cock calls forth the morning beams,
 Let broaken slumbers mixt with frighful dreams
 Disturb his thoughts, and by the neighbouring gate
 Ah ! let him hang, and none bcwail the Fate :
 Let us mind rest, and let's provide a charm
 To keep us safe, and free from future harm :

These Songs we sung, and with a cheerful smile
 His *Crook* he gave me, to reward my skill ;
 Take it, He said, 'tis mean, yet do'nt refuse,
 It is a pledge of friendship from a *Muse* :
 This said we parted, for invain we prest
 We could not force him to the promis'd feast :
 There *Lycop's* son , and all his friends around
 With sweet *Amyntas* fate with Roses crown'd :
 We lay, we wanton'd on a flowry bed, (spread,
 Where fragrant *Mastick* , and where Vines were
 And round us *Poplars* rais'd their shady head :
 Just by a spring with pleasing Murmurs flow'd,
 In every bush, and thicket of the wood
 Sweet *Insects* sang, and sighing *Turtles* coo'd.
 The labouring Bces buz'd round the purling spring,
 Their Hony gather'd, and forgot their sting :
 Sweet Summers choicest fruits, and Autum's pride
 Pears by our head, and Apples by our side
 Lay round in heaps ; and loaden Plums did stand

With

With bending boughs, to meet the reaching hand :
To please us more he pierc't a Cask of Wine,
Twas four years old, and from a noble Vine ;
Castalian Nymphs, ye *Nymphs* that still reside
On steep *Parnassus*, and command his pride,
Did e're old *Chiron*, did he e're produce
For great *Alcides* such rich Bowls of juice ?
Did *Polyphem* the vast Sicilian Swain,
That darted mountains o're the frightened main,
Drink Wine like this, did e're such Bowls advance
His *Love-sick* thoughts, and raise him to a dance ?
As then you gladly mixt to every guest,
And poured on *Cere's* Altars at her feast ?
Oh may she often fill the fruitful Plain,
And may I tread the Reeks, and fix the Fan ;
Whilst joyful she with smiles just thanks receives,
And holds in either hand full bending Sheaves.

G

Idyl.

Idyllium VIII.

Daphnis and Menalcas sing for a Wager, a Goatherd is chosen Judge, who determines Daphnis his Song to be the best.

To Richard Hicks of the Mid. T. Esquire.

THE Heardsman *Daphnis* walking o're the Plain
 The gay *Menalcas* met, a Sheapard Swain ;
 Both yellow locks adorn'd, and both were young,
 Both rarely pip'd ; and both divinely sung ;
 Then first *Menalcas* rais'd his lovely head,
 And spake, and smil'd on *Daphnis* as he said ;
M. Come, Heardsman *Daphnis* will you pipe with me,
 I vow I'me sure that I can conquer Thee ;
 I'me sure I can excel Thee as I will :
D. And *Daphnis* thus reply'd ; You boast your skill
Menalcas, but I'me sure you can't excel,
 For pipe untill you burst I pipe as well :
M. And shall we try ? *D.* Yes Swain, I know my skill ;
M. And will you lay a wager ? *D.* Yes I will :
M. What will you lay, what equal to our fame ?
D. I'll stake a *Calf*, you stake a full-grown *Lamb* :
M. I cannot stake a *Lamb*, for should I lose,
 My *Father's* jealous, and my *Mother* cross ;

These

These watch, They know how many Lambs I keep,
Both count my Lambs at night, and one my Sheep;
D. What then? and what shall He that conquers, gain?

M. I have a Pipe, 'tis new, of sounding Cane,
Waxt at both ends, and tho I'll stake no prize
That is my Father's, yet I'll venture this:

D. And I have one, white Wax both ends secures
It sounds as well, and is as new as yours:
For when I made it, as I cleft the Reeds
One prickt me, look e'en now my Finger bleeds;
But since we venture, since such Pipes we lay
Whan Man shall judge, and who shall hear us play?

M. We'll call that *Goatherd*, look, the Swain is near,
Our Dog barks at him, He perhaps will hear:
The *Shepherds* call'd, the *Goatherd* streight obey'd,
The *Goatherd* judg'd, and thus the *Shepherds* play'd:
Menalcas first, then *Daphnis* tun'd his Cane,
By turns they sang, *Menalcas* first began:

M. Ye Vales, ye Springs that flow from distant Seas,
If e're the sweet *Menalcas* Songs did please,
Then feed my *Lambs*, if *Daphnis* drives his Kine
To graze them here, feed his as well as mine:

D. Ye Herbs and Flowers, ye glory of the Vales,
If *Daphnis* songs are sweet as *Nightingales*

Then feed my Herds ; if thro the flowry Mead
Menalcas drives, then let his Lambs be fed :

M. There Pastures flourish, there the Duggs do fill,
 The Lambs are suckled, and the Shepherds smile,
 Where my *Boy* comes, but when He leaves the place
 The *Shepherd* wither's o're the fading Grass : (Bees

D. There Sheep, there Goats bear twins, there labouring
 Do fill their Hives, and there rise prouder Trees,
 Where *Milo* Treads, but when He leaves the place,
 The *Herdsmen* withers, and the Herd decays :

M. O Goat, the white Kids husband, stately Oaks,
 O flat-nos'd Kids make hast to purling Brooks
 For there He is, Go, let the Boy be show'd
 That *Proteus* fed his Sea Calves, tho a God :

D. Not *Pelops* land, not heaps of Gold refine
 I wish, nor swiftness to outstrip the Wind,
 But let me sit and sing by yonder Rock,
 Clasp thee, my *Dear*, and view my feeding flock :

M. Rough storms to Trees, to Birds the treacherous
 Are frightful evils, Springs to the Hare ; (Snare,
 Soft Virgins love to man ; Oh mighty *Jove*,
 Not I alone, but Thou hast stoopt to Love :

Thus sang the youths by turns, and pleas'd the Swain,
 And thus *Menalcas* the last part began,

M. Woolf

M. Woolf spare my Lambs, and let them safely bleat,
 For I am little, and my fold is great ;
 How, *White-foot*, how so soon, so fast asleep ;
 Is this your care, do you thus watch my Sheep ?
 I faith you shall not sleep when one so young
 As I, is *Sheapherd* ; and engag'd in Song :
 But feed dear flock, and crop the flowry plain,
 Feed, never fear, the Grass will grow again :
 Fill well your duggs, that when Night spreads her vail
 The *Lambs* may suck ; and I may fill my Pail :

And next fair *Daphnis* sang-----

D. And as I drove my Herd, a lovely Maid
 Stood peeping from a Cave ; She smild, and said,
Daphnis is lovely, ah a lovely youth ;
 What smiles, what Graces sit upon his mouth !
 I made no sharp returns, but hung my head,
 And went my way, yet pleas'd with what she said :
 Winds sweetly murmur ; The Steer sweetly lows,
 Sweet is the Heifers voice, and sweet the Cows :
 Tis sweet to ly in shades by purling streams
 In Summer's heat ; dissolv'd in easy dreams :
 Acorns the Oaks, and Grass commends the Plain,
 Fat Calves do grace the Cows, and Cows the Swain :

Thus

Thus sang the *youths*, and thus the *Goatherd* said ;

Goatherd.

Sweet is thy voice, and sweet the tunes you plaid

Fair *Daphnis*, thro my Ears thy *Songs* have past

Sweet to the Mind, as Hony to the Taft :

And if you'l teach me, if instruct the Swain,

That *Goat* is thine, it shall reward thy pain ;

See how her Udder swells, it ne're will fail,

And every night it fills my largest Pail :

The Boy rejoyc't, He leapt with youthful heat,

As sucking Colts leap when they swig the Teat :

The other griev'd, he hung his bashful head

As married Virgins when first laid to bed :

Thus *Daphnis* liv'd the glory of the Plains,

Was thought the best, and lov'd by all the Swains :

And to compleat the happiness of life

The lovely *Nais* blest him in a Wife.

Idyl-

Idyllium IX.

*A Sheapherd invites Daphnis and Menalcas to sing, they
pleasure him, and he rewards them both.*

To his Chum Tho. Lydgould, M. A. of Wadham. Coll.

Sing, *Daphnis*, sing ; begin the rural lay,
Begin sweet *Daphnis* ; next *Menalcas* play :
Mix Calves and Heifers, joyn the Bulls and Cows,
And let them feed, and wanton in the boughs :
Whilst you begin, begin the rural strain,
And next *Menalcas* sing, and cheer the Swain :
D. Sweet is the Heifers sound, and sweet the Kine,
Sweet is the Pipe's, the Swain's, and sweet is mine ;
By purling streams I have a shady bed,
And or'e white Heifers skins are neatly spread,
Ah careless Herd ! they from a Mountains side
Ah cruel storm ! were blown, they fell, they dy'd :
And there I value *Summer's* burning heats
No more than *Lovers* do their Father's threats ;
Their *Mother's* kind complaints, or friends advice :
This *Daphnis* sang, and next *Menalcas* this :

M. Me

M. Me *Aëta* bred, to me she kindly gave
Midst hollow Rocks a large and shady Cave :
I live by pleasant Brooks, and purling Streams,
And have as much as e're you saw in dreams :
By me a thousand Goats, and flocks are fed,
And Wool lies round my feet, and round my head :
Soft Chitterlings afford me pleasing food,
And when the Winter comes I'm stor'd with wood
So that I value *Cold* no more, not I,
Than toothless Men do Nuts, when pulse is by :

I clapt them both, to both rewards I threw,
A Club that in my Father's Meadow grew
To *Daphnis*, rude as from the Woods it fell,
And yet scarce Art could shape a thing so well :
Then next *Menalcas* did a shell receive,
The flesh divided was enough for five,
Caught in th' *Icarian* flood, He took the Shell,
And smil'd as pleas'd ; and lik'd the present well :
Hail rural *Muses*, hail, produce the strains,
Which once I sang, and pleas'd the listning Swains ;
I'll boldly sing, nor midst my wondrous Song
Shall blisters rise, and gall my boasting tongue ;

The Hawks to Hawks are friends, to Ews the Ews,
To Larks the Larks are friends, to Me the Muse;
Oh may I hear them still! The weary sleep,
The Spring the Ploughman, shady Plains the sheep,
Smooth Streams, and rising flowers the labouring Bee
Delight not half so much, as *Muses* Me;
On whom they look and smile, secure they prove
Fam'd *Circe's* Cup; nor fear the force of Love.

H

Idyl.

Idyllium X.

Battus not reaping as fast as he was wont, Milo asks him the reason, Battus confesseth it was Love, and sings a Song in praise of his Sweet-heart.

To my Chum Mr. Hody of Wadham Colledge.

Milo.

AH labouring Reaper, Wretch ! what ails thee now !
 Thou canst not reap as thou wert wont to do ;
 Nor yet so fast ; look, He hath rais'd a Cock :
 You lag, as Sheep, when prickt, behind the flock :
 What wilt Thou do, poor wretch, before tis Noon,
 What wilt Thou do e're shady Night comes on
 Since, e're one land is cut, you fail so soon ?

B. Ah *Milo* ! thou canst hold out all the day,
 But I'me grown weak ; ah peice of flinty clay !
 Didst thou ne're wish for One that was away ?

M. Not I, for what have I that work for food
 To do with *Love* ? He is an Idle God ;
 Forget thy lazy thoughts, soft cares remove,

B. Then, *Milo*, did you never wake for *Love* ?

M. And may it never, never break my sleep,
 For Dogs, once blooded, always run at Sheep :

B. But

B. But I have lov'd these ten long days, or more ;

M. A wealthy Man, enjoy thy fancy'd store,

I am, and am contented to be poor :

B. Hence 'tis that I'me o'rerun with lazy ease,

My Field's neglected, and my Ploughs displease,

M. But who thus wounds thee? *B. Moll*, the brisk the gay,

She sung our Song, and was our *Queen of May*,

M. Faith rightly serv'd, pursue thy vain delight,

How that old *Fly* shall clasp thee all the Night !

B. You flout ; not only *Pluto's* Eyes are lost ;

But vexing Love's ; forbear, rude Swain, to boast :

M. I do not boast, but lay thy handful down,

Throw by thy hook. unbend thy gather'd frown,

And sing, (for you could sing) thy slender fair,

Twill ease thy labour, and divert thy care.

Battus.

With me, sweet *Muse*, the slender Maid rehearse,

For all looks fair that you adorn with Verse :

Bombyce charming, Sun-burnt, gaily thin

You seem to many Eyes, but *Brown* to mine

The letter'd *Daffadil*, and *Violet's* brown,

Yet those are chiefest Graces of a Crown :

The Goats their thyme, the Woolves the Goats pursue,

The Crane the Plough ; and I am mad for you :

H 2

Oh

Oh had I *Crasus* store, then both should shine,
 Two golden Statues fixt in *Venus* Shrine;
 Thy Hand should grace an Apple, Harp, or Rose,
 And me a danceing garb, and gawdy shows,
Bombyce charming; oh wouldst Thou be kind!
 How sweet thy voice! but who can tell thy Mind?

Milo.

Hah, we ne're knew the value of the Swain,
 How well he Measures, how he tunes his Strain!
 Hah! no more sense, and yet thy beard so long!
 But stay, and hear the sweet *Lyterfa's* Song.

O fruitful *Ceres* blest this thriving Crop,
 Encrease, and make it larger than our Hope;
 Ye Reapers bind the Sheaves, lest some should say
 Ah lazy drones, they do'nt deserve their pay;
 Or to the North your Cocks, ye Reapers rear
 Or to the South, those Winds encrease the Ear:
 Ye Clowns that winnow never sleep at noon
 For then the Chaff is loose, and quickly gone:
 Reapers should rise with Larks, and sleep when They
 To Roost retire, but bear the heat all day:
 Frogs Lives, my boys, are blest, for midst their Pool
 They never want, their Cup is always full:

Boyl

Boyl, Steward, boyl them whole, such pinching's mean:
You'l cut your hand whilst you divide a Bean :

Such Songs should Reapers sing that toyl, and sweat,
That work at Noon, and bear the burning Heat,
But starveing Love should never vex thy head,
Such tales will bring Thee to a bit of bread,
Tales for thy Mother, as She lies a bed.

Idyl.

Idyllium XI.

He writes to a Physician, and tells him that the Muses are the only Remedy for Love, which he proves by the example of Polyphemus.

To Dr. Pitt of Wadham Colledge.

INvain, *Learn'd Sir*, invain is all your Art,
 There is no *Physick* for a wounded heart;
 No Herb can ease, no Salve the Pain remove,
 There is no cure for the disease of Love
 Beside the *Muses*; Those are soft and sweet,
 And pleasing *Medcines*, but are hard to get:
 This, *Sir*, you know whose skill is next divine
 In *Physick*; you, the darling of the Nine:

Thus *Polyphem* found ease, the gay the young,
 He cured his rageing Passion by a *Song*:
 No mean degree of Love his breast did fire,
 He was all fury, rage, and wild desire;
 This single passion did his mind controul,
 And was the only business of his Soul:
 Oft did his Sheep his former chief delight,
 From Pastures fed return alone at night:
 Whilst on the Sedgy shore the *Cyclops* lay,
 And singing *Galatea* pin'd away:

From Morn till Night, for *Venus* powerful Dart

Had gall'd his Liver, and had pierc't his heart.

Muse And yet He found a cure, on Rocks He stood,

by the And thus he sang, as he lookt o're the flood :

Fair *Maid*, and why dost thou thy Love despise ?

More white than Curds, and pleasing to my Eyes ;

More soft than Lambs, more wanton than a Steer,

Yet harsh as *Grapes* unripe, and as severe :

You come when pleasing sleep hath seal'd my Eye,

When pleasing sleep unseals you quickly fly,

You fly with eager hast, as fearful Lambs

From ravening Woolves run bleating to their Dams :

I lov'd Thee *Nymph*, I lov'd e're since you came.

To pluck our Flowers, from thence I date my flame :

My Eye did then my feeble heart betray,

I know the minute of the fatal day,

My Mother led you, and I show'd the way :

Then when I lookt, and ever since I burn,

I must Love on despairing a return :

The cause of all thy hate, dear *Nymph*, I know,

One large wide Gap spreads cros my hairy Brow

From Ear to Ear, one Eye doth singly grace,

My Nose is flat, and even to my face :

Yet I, that ugly I, whom you refuse

Feed thousand Goats, and milk ten thousand Ews,

From These

These give me drink, and Cheeses all the year,
 See round my Cave my loaden Shelves appear,
 And bend beneath the weighty heaps they bear.
 Besides, I live the joy of all the Plain,
 No *Cyclops* can pretend so sweet a strain,
 Thee, Thee, dear Nymph, with Thee my self I sing,
 Till Midnight's past, and Morning spreads her Wings
 Ten Cubs, I forc't them from an angry Bear,
 Ten Does I keep; and all to please my Dear;
 Come live with Me, and I sincerely vow
 That your condition shan't be worse than now;
 Forfake the Ocean, leave the angry Sea,
 'Tis better sleeping in my Cave with Me,
 There Lawrels grow, and there black Ivy twines,
 And blushing Clusters load the bended Vines:
 There are cold streams which from the melting Snow
 Hot *Ætna* sends, a drink divine, below:
 There all things are by Nature form'd to please,
 And who before all this would choose the Seas?

But grant that I'm deform'd, unseemly rough,
 Yet I am rich, and I have Wood enough,
 A constant blazing flame still heats my Cave,
 * Tho by this Eye, the dearest thing I have,
 I want no outward heat, the fierce desire
 That burns my Breast, is a sufficient fire;

* I follow Heinsius.

Ah me ! unhappy me, how Fate prevails !
 Oh me ! Had I been born with fins and scales,
 That I might dive to you, cut thro the Deep,
 And kiss your Hand, if you refuse your Lip ;
 Then would I Lillies white, and Roses bring,
 And all the gawdy glories of the Spring,
 With Poppies blushing leaves, tho these do grow
 In Summers heat, and those in frost and snow :

Well, well, I le learn to swim, next nimble Oars
 That set a Seamen on our fruitful Shores
 Shall teach me how to dive, that I may know
 What pleasure 'tis you take in Waves below :
 Come forth, fair Nymph, come forth, and leave the main,
 And (as I now) ne're mind thy home again,
 But feed the Flocks with me, or milk the Sheep,
 Or run the Cheese, and never mind the Deep :
 My Mother's cross, her just Complaints pursue,
 For she ne're spoak of me kind things to you,
 Alltho she knew my grief, saw every day
 How much I wasted, how I pin'd away :
 I'll tell, to fright her, that my head, my thigh
 Are pain'd : that she might grieve as well as I :

O Cyclops, Cyclops, are thy senses flown !
 Is all thy former wit, and vertue gone ?

Go wreath thy Baskets, cut the tender boughs
 To feed the Lambs, and milk the burdned Cows,
 Go mind thy Harvest work, for that will prove
 Thy Wisdom greater than this whineing Love :
 Take those that offer, and the proud despise,
 The willing Love, and scorn the Maid that flies :
 Come leave this fooling, leave this dull despair,
 Another Virgin thou shalt find as fair ;
 For many Maids invite me still to play,
 And titter all, as pleas'd, when I obey :
 Sure I am somewhat, they my worth can see,
 And I my self will now grow proud of Me :

Thus *Polyphemus* cur'd his strong disease,
 His Songs tam'd Love, and gave more certain ease,
 Than if He had implor'd the Doctor's skill,
 And with just fees bought your *unmerry* Bill.

Idyl

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Idyllium. XII.

*A Welcome to a Friend.**To Mr. Edward Eaton.*

YOU come *dear youth*, now three long days are gone,
 You come ; But *Lovers* do grow old in one ;

As much as Spring excels the Frost and Snow,
 As much as Plums are sweeter than a Sloe,
 As much as Ewes are thicker fleec't than Lambs,
 As much as Maids excel thrice marry'd Dames :
 As much as Colts are nimbler than a Steer,
 As much as Thrushes please the listning ear
 More than the meaner Songsters of the Air ;
 So much thy *presence* cheers ; behold, I run,
 As Travellers to the *shade* at burning Noon :
 Oh may an *equal* flame our hearts engage ,
 And let us live in Songs thro future Age !

Two youths were once with mutual bands confin'd,
 The one was generous, and the other kind :
 Their *Love* was *equal* ; those were golden Men,
 When He that was *belov'd* did *love* agen :
 Grant ye *Immortal Powers*, grant mighty *Love*,
 Grant this once more, encrease these bands of Love ;

When future Ages shall in order flow
 Let some descend, and tell my *shade* below,
 Thy *Love*, thy *Lover's* kindness, Faith and Truth,
 Are prais'd by All, but chiefly by the *youth*:
 But this I leave to Heaven's indulgent care,
 For Heaven can grant, or can reject my Prayer.
 Yet Thee I'll sing; *Thee sweet*, nor midst my Song
 Shall tell-tale Blisters rise, and gall my Tongue:
 The little pains you rais'd were kindly meant,
 Your healing *Love* did all the smart prevent;
 And I departed fraught with good content:

Brave *Megarensians* fam'd for nimble Oars,
 May Peace flow in, and plenty crown your Shores,
 The Honors you bestow on *Diocles*,
 That constant Friend and Lover, claim no less;
 At his fam'd Tomb each year the boys contend
 Which kisses softest, which best loves his friend,
 And He that kisses sweetest wins the praise,
 And runs to his glad Mother crown'd with bays:
 Happy the Man that must bestow the prize,
 Thrice happy He that judges of the Kiss!
 Fair *Ganymed* that makes the Thunderer bow,
 Whose smiles can calm, and smooth his angry brow,
 Allay his fury and his rage command
 And stop his lightning in his lifted hand;

Had such a Lip (or Fame hath often ly'd,
And Fame errs seldom on the better side)
That like a Touch-stone try'd the proffer'd joy,
And could discern true Gold from base alloy.

Idyl-

Idyllium XIII.

*He writes to his friend, a Physitian, and tells him that
Love conquers the greatest Heroes, which He proves
from the story of Hercules and Hylas.*

To Mr. William Gould M. B. of Wadham Colledge.

LOVE, Love, dear Friend, what e're we think 'tis true,
Was not design'd for only such as you ;
Nor do the Charms of Beauty strike alone
Us *Mortals*, seen to day, to morrow gone ;
But *Hercules* that Son of mighty *Jove*,
That bore the *Lion's* fury. stoopt to *Love* :
Tho' rough his mind appear'd, tho' steel'd to joy
He *Hylas* claspt, and lov'd the charming Boy :
He taught him as a Father would a Son,
To vertuous actions still He led him on :
They never parted, nor at noon, nor night, (light
Nor when the Morn's white Horse d awd forth the
Nor when the callow Birds ly down to rest,
And careful old Ones flutter o're the Nest :
That still instructing as He once began,
He might be wrought into a worthy Man :
But when stout *Jason* with the youths of *Greece*
To *Colchos* sail'd, their prize the Golden Fleece :

When

When he had gather'd all the *Sons* of fame
That could assist, the great *Alcides* came
To fair *Jolcos*, *Argo's* chiefest freight ;
Young *Hylas* too. the Ship scarce felt his weight :
She, swift as *Eagles*, ply'd her nimble Oars,
And safely scap't the rough *Cyanean* Shores.
Which us'd to meet, and stave the Ships that past,
But now are fix't, on firm foundations plac't :
When *Summer* came, and when the tender Lambs
Began to feed on Grass, and leave their Dams,
The noble *Hero's*, blest with Southern Gales,
Thro *Hellespont* did spread their swelling Sails :
Thro the *Propontis* they did swiftly row,
Where stout *Cyanean* Oxen wear the Plow :
And landing there as shady Night came on
And call'd to eat, they sate in order down :
Soft Turfs were rais'd, and each possess'd his place,
The Plain was large and gave them Beds of Grass.
The charming *Hylas*, quick as the command,
A brazen Vessel grac't his lovely hand,
Ran o're the Field to see what Springs afford,
And fetch some *Fountain* water for his Lord ;
His Lord, and *Telamon* his constant guest,
One Table always joyn'd them a feast :

Just

Just by, a *murmuring* Spring crept o're the ground,
 The Banks with *Vervine*, and with Parsly crown'd,
 Within, the *Nymphs*, the Ladies of the Plains,
 The watchful *Nymphs* that dance, and fright the Swains
Eunica, *Malis*, and their chieftest grace
Nicœa, Spring still opens in her face :
 This *Hylas* saw, his Cup let gently down,
 Well pleas'd that He could serve his *Lord* so soon;
 But streight the *Nymphs*, (for Love had div'd below,
 Their tender hearts did midst the Water glow,
 The Boys fair Eyes had darted warm desire,
 And thro the Waves had rais'd a fatal Fire:)
 Seiz'd on his hand, he fell, as forc't from Clouds
 A falling Star shoot's down to under Floods :
 Mean-while the *Boat Swain* crys, Mates spread the sail,
 The Wind's at Stern, and we have prosperous gales :
 The *Nymphs* danc't *Hylas*, Kisses dry'd his Tears,
 And Comforts were apply'd to ease his Fears :
 But vext *Alcides*, Care with Anger strove,
 And tore his Breast, resolv'd to find his Love,
 His left hand grac't a Bow of fatal Ewe,
 Death wing'd and pointed every Dart that flew ;
 His right a knotty Club did well command,
 That constant grace and terrour of his hand ;

Thrice did He *Hylas* call, and thrice He mourn'd,
Thrice *Hylas* heard the voice, and thrice return'd :
But small the sound which thro the Waves did rise,
Tho near, far off he seem'd ; so weak the crys :
As shaggy Lions fierce by Hunger grown,
That hear a Kid or Lamb kin bleat alone,
Start from their Den, and lash their angry Breast,
And fiercely run to take their easy feast :
So He thro thorny paths did wildly rove ,
As mad and furious for his perisht Love :
Mean while the Ship was rig'd, the Winds were fair
And sails were spread, but no *Alcides* near ;
He far remov'd did rove thro Paths untrod
For Love had gall'd his breast, a cruel God :
Hence *Hylas* grew a *God*, and grac't a shrine,
His *Love* and *Beauty* made him half divine ;
Mean while the *Heroes* fir'd with martial rage
Alcides blam'd as fearful to engage,
It argu'd not his Love, but prov'd his fear
To leave the Ship, and so decline the War ;
But he on foot to barbarous *Phasis* came,
And noble actions soon redeem'd his Fame.

K

Idyl.

Idyllium XIV.

Eschines being scorn'd by Cunisca, who had a greater kindness for one Woolf, resolves to turn Souldier; His Friend Thynichus advises him to serve King Ptolomy.

To his Friend and Tutor Mr. Balch of Wadham Coll.

E. Good morrow *Thynicus*. *T.* The like to you; *E.* But why so late? *T.* So late? What ails thee

E. All is not well: *T.* I see't, you look so thin, (now? Your Face not washt, your Beard spread o're your Chin, Your Eye-brows thick, last night I chanc't to view A Poor *Pythagorist*, and He lookt like you:

Pale, barefoot, an *Athenian*, as He said,
But, faith, He lookt as if on Meal He fed:

E. You joque; But fair *Cunisca* scorns my Love,
And as her hatred, so my flames improve,
And tho perhaps I no such heats betray'd
Yet I'me within an Inch of staring mad:

T. You still were passionate, you still pursue
What your perverse desire hath once in view,
But prethee tell me what disturbs anew:

E. *Tom*, *Will*, and *Dick*, and I, a jovial Crew,
Not minding *Fate* that did too close pursue,

Drank

Drank at my House, the Glas went briskly round,
 Our hearts were merry, and each head was crown'd;
 I made them welcome, got the best I cou'd,
 A sucking Pig, two Chicken, Country food,
 And, tho I say't my self, my Wine was good:
 Twas four years old, yet mild, I vow tis true,
 With Burrage mixt it drank as well as new :
 At last we voted each should crown a Glas
 What Health he pleas'd, but name whose health it was ;
 We drank, and halloo'd, She mute all the while
 And sullen fate, without one word or smile ;
 How was I vext to find a change so soon ?
 What Mute ? what have you seen a * Woolf says one ?
 At that she flusht, her guilty color rose,
 That you might light a Candle at her Nose :
 There's Woolf, there's Woolf, my Neighbour Labia's Son,
 Tall, slender, and the beauty of the Town :
 For him she burns, and sighs, and sighs again,
 And this I heard, but loath to find my pain,
 I let it lye, and grew a Man invain :
 When we were heated well, and flusht with Wine,
 One sang a Song of Woolf, a curst design,

Alluding to the common saying.

K 2

For

For freight *Cunisca* wept at the surprize,
 And soon betray'd her passion at her Eyes ;
 She wept as wanton Girls that leave their Pap,
 And would be dandled on their Mother's Lap :
 Then I, you know me, vext at this disdain ;
 Fled at her, strook, and swore, and kickt again ;
 She rose ; *Oh Mischief ! can I please no more ?*
Have you another Sweet-heart ? Out you Whore ;
Must you do this now to confirm my fears ?
Go to him, toy, and court him with your tears ;
 As swift as Swallows sweeping o're the Plain,
 To catch their young a fly, with nimble pain,
 Catch one, then feed, and streight return again ;
 So quick she left her Seat, so swift her hast,
 So soon she thro the Hall and Parlor past,
 I scarce could see her move, she went so fast :
 Now twenty days, and ten, and nine, and eight,
 And one, and two are past ; two months compleat ;
 Yet still we differ, nor in all this space
 Have I shav'd once, regardless of my face :
 But she is *Woolf's*, and *Woolf's* her chief delight,
 For him she will unlock the Gate at night,
 But I am scorn'd, I can't be lookt upon,
 Shee'l scarce vouchsafe the favor of a frown :

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And yet, *Dear friend*, could I but break the chain
And hate her once, all would be well again,
But as the Proverb says, *the heedless Mounse*

Hath bitten Pitch, and how shall he get loose ?

What Physick can these vexing Pains remove !

I know no Cure for the disease of Love,

Yet *Dick*, my friend, that equal pains endur'd

For *Betty*, travell'd, and was quickly cur'd :

And faith I'll travel too, I scorn to boast

My Courage, yet I think I'me stout as Most :

T. I wish Thou hadst enjoy'd thy just desire,

And gain'd thy Love ; But if Thou wilt retire

Serve *Ptolomy*, for He'll reward thy pain,

Believ't, He loves a stout and honest Man ;

E. What other Vertues ! *T.* Oh the greatest Mind,

The sweetest temper, Generous, and Kind,

He marks his friend, but more he marks his foe,

His hand is allways open to bestow :-

Petition modestly He grants the thing,

And freely gives as it becomes a King ;

And therefore, *Lover*, if you bravely dare

To ty your Snapack on, and go to War,

If Thou canst keep thy Post, and stand thy ground,

And throw back on thy foe the coming wound,

To

To *Agypt* hast, make hast, e're youth decays,
 First from our Temples Age begins her race,
 Thence whitening Time creeps softly o're the face:
 Go on whilst youth is Green, and strength dost last,
 For when *old Age* draws nigh, the Time is past.

Idyl.

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Idyllium XV.

Two tatling Gossips go to see the Pomp at Adonis's Feast,
 prepar'd by Arsinoe Ptolomy Philadelphus's Queen;
 The humors of the Weomen he hits exactly; intermixes
 some praises of the King, and describes the Glory of the
 Pomp to gratify the Queen.

The Persons are Gorgo, Eunoe, Praxinoe, Nurse, Stranger and Mother.

To Mr. Rice Williams of Wadham Coll.

G. Sweetheart, is my *Praxinoe* at home?

E. She is dear *Gorgo*, but how late you come?

P. I scarce expected you, and fate alone,

A Chair and Cushion, E Ready: P. Pray sit down:

G. Ah me, I scarce could get alive along

So close the people press, so great the throng;

Coaches thro every Street, and Liveries shine;

Beside your dwelling is so far from mine:

P. Yes, my *cross* *Sot* must leave his former Seat,

And on the edge of th' World choose this retreat,

More like a filthy Cave than like a House,

And this he does, kind heart, to separate us,

My constant plague, and my continual cross.

G. Soft

G. Soft words, pray *Madam*, soft, see here's your Son,
Look how he eyes you, and begins to frown :

P. Cheer up my Child, I did not mean thy Dad,

N. He understands her, he's a pretty Lad :

P. He went last night, (old faults are all forgot,) }
To buy some Soap, and what d' ye think he bought ? }
Bay Salt, longfided Fool, dull Booby Sot :

G. Ah me, and mine's as bad, a squandring fool,
Last Market day he went to cheapen Wool,
And there five Fleeces for five Crowns he bought,
All coath'd Sheep's Wool, meer dirt, not worth a Groat,
But take your Hood and Scarf, and pray let's go,
Let's hast to Court, for there's a gawdy show :

Adonis Feast, and as I lately heard
Our Royal Queen hath glorious sights prepar'd :

P. Great Folks have all things fine, but pray now tell
What you, for I saw nought, or nought so well :

G. Another day, but now the minute calls,
We that have nought to do have time for tales :

P. Maid, *Water* quickly, faith I'll break your head,
Go set it down ; These Cats so love a bed,
Drive them away, they'll spoyle my Cloth of State,
But first the *Water*, there's most need of that :
See how she speeds ! come pour : but why so soon ?
A little more : what makes you wet my Gown ?

Well

Well, now I'me fairly washt the Gods be blest,
But bring me streight the Key of my great Chest :

G. This *Mantoe* sits extreamly well, I vow,
What prize the Stuff? pray *Madam* let me know :

P. It cost me twenty Shillings half a Crown,
Twas dear, beside the work was all my own :

G. Tis rare ; P. Your Servant, *Madam*, bring my Hood,
And Scarf, and dress me in the newest Mode ;
Dear *Chuck*, you must not go, my dear delight,
For there are *Bugbears*, and the Horses bite,

Nay you may cry, peace, peace, dear Mother's Child,
Nay cry, but, *Chuck*, I must not have you kill'd :

Here *Betty* take the Boy, and stay at home,
Call *Pretty* in, and wait here till I come .

O *Femminy*, dear *Gorgo*, here's a throng,

I wonder how we two shall get along :

Great *Ptolemy*, beside a thousand things
In which Thou hast excell'd the former Kings ;

How many profits have thy care bestow'd

Since *Lagus* dy'd and rose into a God ?

None now, as heretofore, infest the Street,

Pick pockets, croud, and juttle all they meet,

What shall we do ? you see we strive invain,

Ah Dear, I wish I was at home again :

L

The

Well

The Kings great Horses come, stand farther, friend,
 Dont tread upon me, see he rears an end,
 Look how he bounds, oh whether shall we run ?
 Alas poor Soul, he'll throw his Rider down,
 Well, I am glad I did not bring my Son :

G. Cheer up *Praxinoe*, come, the danger's past,
 And they are gone before, let's mend our haft :

P. Well, now I'm coming to my self again,
 A Horse, and a cold Serpents winding train
 I allways hated ; fy, we move too slow,
 Look there behind what Tides of People flow !

G. Mother i'st you within ? M. Yes Child, tis I,

G. Can we get in pray Mother ? M. Daughter try :
 For he that never trys can ne're enjoy ;

The *Greeks* by trying, Daughter, conquer'd Troy :

P. She leaves us with a Riddle, what she means
 God knows, but sure she hath some hidden sence.

Weomen know all below, and all above,
 E'en how *Queen Juno* was betroth'd to *Jove* :

But look *Praxinoe*, how the People wait,
 How great a throng attends the crouded Gate :

P. A vast one *Gorgo* : come, tis best to joyn,
 Hands round ; here *Gorgo*, clap your hand in mine :

Take *Entick Eunoe*, that we may not loose
 Each other, come, thrust all, and still keep close :

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Al me, my veil is rent, pray, why d'ye prefs ?

My Gown ! Good Sir, may Heaven conspire to blefs,
And you be happy Sir, as you forbear ;

S. I cannot, yet I'll take the greatest Care :

P. The Croud increaseth, and they thrust like Swine,

S. Come cherr up *Madam*, we are all got in :

P. Well, may the bounteous Gods reward thy pain

For helping us, thou art an honest Man,

Poor *Eunoe*'s justled still, she'll lose her Hood,

Thrust *Eunoe*, stoutly thrust, and break the Croud ;

We are all in, as One (a Story) said

When he had got his Mistress fast in Bed :

G. *Praxinoe* look, what Hangings grace the Rooms,

How fine, how rich, sure wrought in Heav'nly Looms :

Oh strange, what hands could these fine things design ?

What *Mortal* Pencil draw so sweet a line ?

How real they appear ? They seem to move,

They are alive, I'm sure they can't be wove :

Man's a wise thing, but see on yonder bed

Adonis lies, Down o're his Cheeks is spread,

Lovely *Adonis*, lov'd amongst the Dead :

S. Hift, hift, your tatling silly talk forbear,

Like Turtles you have Mouths from Ear to Ear :

G. And who are you ? Pray what have you to say

If we will talk ? Seek those that will obey,

Would you the *Syracusan* Weomen rule ?
 Besides, to tell you more you meddling Fool,
 We are *Corinthians*, that's no great disgrace,
Andropon himself did boast that race :
 We speak our Language, use the *Dorick* tone,
 And, Sir, the *Dores*, sure, may use their own :
P. Our Husbands are enough, let none pretend
 To rule beside ; you are a sawcy friend,
 I'men're beholding e' ye, and there's an end :
G. Peace, peace *Praxinoe*, streight in charming lays
 A Maid shall sing the dead *Adonis* praise,
 More soft than *Sperchis* in a mournful Song.
 Hark, she prepar's her voice, it won't be long :

Great Goddess, joy of the *Idalian* Grove,
 To whom high *Eryx* Bows, fair Queen of Love,
 How charming was thy sweet *Adonis* lead
 By *soft-foot* hours from midst the silent Dead ?
 The twelfth month came, when from the shades below
 Restord, what Beauty sate upon his Brow ?
 The Horns the slowest of the Gods, tis true,
 Yet pleasing, for they still bring something new :
 Kind you (thus story says) did first remove
 Fair *Berenice* to the Seats above,
 And bath'd the Mortal in a Cup of Love :

And now *Arsmoe*, *Helen's* equal face,
Must return does thy *Adonis* grace
With all the fruit the various Earth can yeild,
The Silver Basket brings from every field
The choicest Flowers that please the curious Eye:
In Gold the *Syrian* Odors breath, and dye:
Of *Flour* and *Hony* mixt the sweetest Cake
That *Wemen's* Luxury or Art can make:
The Earth and Sea do give a vast supply,
And Air sends all the various Kinds that fly:
She raises fresh imaginary Groves,
And all around do flutter wanton Loves,
As new-fledgd Thrushes whilst the old one sings
Do leap from bough to bough, and try their Wings:
O Gold! See there two Ivory Eagles fly
And bear young *Ganymed* thro the yielding Sky:
See Purple Tapestry more soft than sleep,
This He'l confess that feeds *Milesian* Sheep:
Oh happy Riches, see, two Beds are Made,
And *Venus* here, there fair *Adonis* laid,
A youthful Bride-groom, just mature for Bliss,
No prickly Beard makes rough his pleasing Kifs:
Let *Venus* have him, and his sweets embrace,
To morrow e're the Dew forsakes the Grass

Wee'l

Wee'l bear him where the Waves foam round the shore
 Our Hair all loose, our Coats let down before,
 Our Breasts all bear, and as we march along
 With mournful voice, begin this Funeral Song :

Adonis, of the Heroes you alone

Now come to *Us*, now go to *Acheron*;
 Not *Agamemnon*, not stout *Ajax* knew,
 And none enjoy'd the favor like to you :
 Not *Hector*, fruitful *Priam*'s stoutest joy,
 Not *Pyrrhus* coming from his conquer'd *Troy* :
 The Antient *Lapithæ* *Ducalion*'s race,
 Or brave *Pelasgi* *Argo*'s chiefest grace :
 Kind now *Adonis*, next year kind remain,
 Now welcome, welcome when you come again :
G. Ah dear *Praxinoë*, these are Curious things,
 O happy Creature, oh how well she sings !
 But I must go, for should my Husband come,
 He hath not din'd, and not find me at home,
 How he would fret, He's pettish, hates delay,
 Nor when He's hungry would I come in's way.
 Farewel *Adonis*, now thy Pomp must cease ;
 But still return, and still our joys encrease.

Idyl.

Idyllium XVI.

He complains that Poetry meets not a suitable Reward from Great Men, for that immortality which it bestows upon them.

To his very good Friend John Dryden Esquire.

THis is the Muses, this the Poets care
 To sing the Gods, and Men renown'd for War :
 The Muses Goddesses make Gods their theme,
 We Men sing Men, and raise them vast esteem ?
 But who that lives below our pains regards ?
 What open hand doth pour out fit rewards ?
 Who doth receive us when we offer Fame ?
 And send us back more wealthy than we came ?
 The Muses baffled thus turn home again
 With naked feet, they sigh, they weep, complain,
 And frown at Me, when they have gone invain.
 Deep in the bottom of my empty Cleft,
 A place too hollow, and too hard for rest,
 They sit and mourn ; on their cold knees they lay
 Their bending heads, and sigh, and pine away :
 For who is brave ? and who regards a Wit ?
 I know not ; few, ah few in praise delight :

For

For great and noble deeds as heretofore ;
 Their Captive thoughts are ty'd to baser Ore :
 Their covetous hands they in their laps do fold,
 And scarce will give the Rust that eats their Gold :
 They cry, near is my Shirt, more near my Skin,
 Must I supply the hunger of the Nine ?
 Let me grow rich in wealth, and Those in fence,
 A Poet is the care of Providence :
 What need of more since *Homer* lives ? He brings
 No charge upon me, yet's the best that sings.

Poor Men ! what profits precious Ore that lies
 Heap't up within to feed the greedy Eyes ?
 It yeilds a different profit to the wise :
 Some on themselves some part on Wits they spend,
 Some part their Kinsmen share, and some their friends ;
 To every Man from them some goods accrew,
 And still the Gods receive their sacred due :
 He's kind and generous, nobly treats his guests,
 He never cloyes, but pleases with his feasts.
 But chiefly to the Muses Sons they give,
 That after Death their lasting fame may live :
 And that they may not sit and mourn below,
 As those whose hands are hardned by the Plough :
 Who sit, and sigh ; and with a sad complaint
 For ever weep hereditary Want :

Antioch

Antiochus once kept a kingly board,
 A thousand Menial Servants call'd him Lord :
 A thousand Heifers fed at *Scopa's* stall,
 Ten thousand horned Bulls low'd thro his vale,
 The kind *Creonda* fed their numerous Flocks,
 Their brouzing Goats still hung on Thousand Rocks :
 Yet when their naked Souls began to float
 Breath'd out in Air, and stow'd in *Charen's* Boat,
 They left their wealth beyond the *Stygian* shore,
 The crazy Vessel could not waft their Ore ;
 And each had lain amidst the vulgar, lost,
 Unheard, untalkt of, like a common Ghost,
 Unless his Poet with exalted rage
 Had strook his Harp, and given them future Age.
 'Tis Verse that doth with lasting Honor's grace
 The swiftest Horse that wins the sacred race :
 His Crowns had wither'd he had lost his name,
 Too slow to keep an equal pace with Fame :
 Who had the *Lycians*, who the *Trojans* known ?
 What Fame once-female *Cycnus* Glory blown ?
 Unless a Poet with immortal Song
 Had told their fights, and made their Wars so long ?
Ulysses, He thro various dangers tost
 For seven long years, that toucht at every Coast,

That He that saw the *Srygian* shades and liv'd,
 That scap't the *Cyclops*, had his fame surviv'd;
Eumæus, mingled with the Common Dead,
 Had lain as nameless as the Ox he fed,
 And wholly vanisht with his parting breath,
 If *Homer* had not snatcht his name from Death:
 The Muses raise Men's worth, their Fame they spread,
 Whilst Heirs consume the riches of the Dead:
 And 'tis a task I'me sure of equal ease
 To tell how many Tempests to'ss the Seas,
 With what fierce Storms the troubled *Ocean* roars,
 How many Waves it roul's to trembling Shores,
 To wash a *Blackmore* white, as to unbind
 A *Gripeing Niggard's* close contracted mind,
 And force him to be generous and kind:
 A Curse on such, vast heaps of *useless* Ore
 May those enjoy, and yet still wish for more;
 'Twas allways so, and 'tis my humor still,
 Much more than *Wealth* I value Men's good-will:
 And now I seek what *Patron* I may choose,
 And where I may be welcome with my Muse:
 For Poets find but small returns of Love
 Without their *Muse*, thus stands the will of *Jove*:
 The Heaven's not weary whilst it whirls the Sun,
 And thousand Steeds shall draw the Charriot on,

A Man shall rise that shall my Songs employ
As great as fam'd *Achilles* fought at *Troy* :
As great as *Ajax* where smooth *Simois* flow'd,
And *Phrygian Ilus* Tomb lay drown'd in Blood ;
The *Carthaginians* dread app oaching War,
Forget their fury, and consent to fear :
The *Syracusan* Troops spread ore the field,
Their right-hands grace a Spear, their left a shield ;
These *Hiero* leads as antient *Heroes* brave,
His dreadful Crest doth o're his Shoulders wave :
But oh our *Guardian Jove*, revenge our Blood,
And tofs our Foes o're the *Sardinian* flood,
Scatter their force, and send few home to tell
The Wives and Children how their Fathers fell :
Let old Inhabitants possess their Isle ;
And raise new Towns where Foes did lately spoyl ;
The Fields be green, and thro the fruitful Plain
Great flocks of Sheep grow fat, and bleat again :
The labouring Oxen bend beneath the Plough,
And, slowly walking thro the Vallies, low :
The Fields be reapt whilst under every shade
The Insects sing, and make the *Reapers* glad :
The Spiders weave in Shields, all free from fear,
And hardly know the very name of War :

Let rising Poets bear the sounding praise
 Of *Hiero* beyond the *Scythian* Seas ;
 Beyond proud *Babylon* extend his *Fame*,
 And tell to distant worlds his glorious Name :
 I am but one, but more *Jove's* Daughters love,
 More wise than I am, and more apt to move:
 And these smooth *Arethusa's* streams shall sing,
 The brave *Sicilians*, and their valiant King :
 Ye Goddesses that *Orchomenium* grace
 The scourge and hatred of the *Theban* race,
 Uncall'd I'll stay, to those that shall invite
 My *Muse* shall offer honor and delight :
 I'll never leave you ; what will Men receive
 Without the *Graces* ? what is fit to give ?
 O, may I ever with the *Graces* live !

Idyl

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Idyllium XVII.

*A Panegerick to King Ptolemy.**To Ambrose Brown of ----- Esquire.*

B Egin with *Jove*, my *Muse*, and end with *Jove*,
 If you would sing the greatest *God* above,
 But if you would the best of *Men* rehearse,
 Let *Ptolemy's* great name adorn your Verse;
 Let him the first, midst, last, your Songs employ,
 The darling of Mankind, the common joy :
 The *Heroes* born of Gods, and great in fame,
 Had noble Poets to record their name ;
 And I, well skill'd in Song, with lasting lays
 Sing him, *E'en Gods we do reward with praise* :
 In shady *Ida*, where the Woods are thick,
 The Woodman comes, but doubts where first to strike :
 And where shall I ? there croud a thousand things,
 With which the *Gods* have blest the best of Kings :
 His father *Lagu*, who so bravely great ?
 So deeply skill'd in all the Arts of State ?
 What Age could boast a *Prince* so great so good ?
 His Mind was high, and noble as his Blood :

Him

Him *Jove* doth grace with an immortal Throne,
 And give a golden Palace next his own :
 Next *Alexander* sits, the Wise, the Great,
 A miter'd God, and checks the *Persian* State :
 Just opposite *Alcides* Throne doth shine,
 Of sparkling Diamond, the work divine ;
 And whilst on *Nectar* with the Gods he feasts,
 He smiles too see his race his equal guests :
 On each great *Jove* reprove from Age bestow'd,
 And call'd immortal, rais'd into a God :
 When fragrant *Nectar* Bowls have rais'd his fires,
 And from the feast he to his Wife retires,
 His Ensigns he delivers to the Two
 One bears his knotty Club, and one his Bow ;
 With these they both in decent order move,
 And thus to beauteous *Hebe's* bed of Love
 Their father lead, the great encrease of *Jove* :

How *Berenice* shone ! His charming Bride,
 Her Sexe's glory, and her *Parents* pride ;
 Her *Venus* nurs't with a peculiar care,
 And blest with all the charms that grace the fair ;
 That e'en bold Fame it self scarce dares to tell
 That any *Prince* e're lov'd his Wife so well
 As generous *Ptolemy* his beauteous Queen ;
 And yet he meets with greater love agen !

He

He Quits his State, and business of his Thrones,
He leaves his Kingdom to his Loyal Sons,
Whilst he to her with hasty wishes moves,
And goes to play the *Heroe* in his Loves:
A faithless Wife lets all her thoughts and cares
On others rove, with easy pains she bears,
Her House is full, but of the numerous race
Not one can show the joyful Father's face:
Fair *Venus* chieftest Beauty of the Sky
She liv'd thy care, nor can her honor dye;
Your kindness snatcht her from the *Stygian* shore,
E're grisly *Charon* came to waft her o're,
You gave a shrine, and taught us to adore:
Just like a falling Star thrown down by Fate;
You caught, and made her Partner of your State;
Thence kind to all she gentle Cares inspires;
And warms the Lovers breasts with pleasing fires:
The fair *Deipale* did to *Pelem* bear
Stout *Diomed*, that mighty Son of War,
And beauteous *Thetis* to her *Pelem* bore
The fam'd *Achilles* on the *Grecian* shore,
But *Berenice* hath these Births outdone,
She brought great *Ptolemy* as great a Son;
First *Coos* danc't Thee, Thee, Mankind's delight,
She took Thee at thy first approach to light,

For

He

For there thy Mother to *Lucina* pray'd
 To ease her throws, and found a speedy Aid;
 She came, stood by, and gently loos'd her pain,
 Thy very birth was easy as thy reign:
 The *Island* took Thee in her Arms, and smil'd
 To view the Father's Image in the Child:
 She shouted, and she said, Ah lovely Boy,
 Be born, Thy Father's Soul, be born my joy:
 Welcome, on me as great a Fame bestow,
 As *Delos* does to her *Apollo* owe:
 Thus spake the Isle; an *Eagle* soar'd above
 And mixt with Clouds; the Bird of mighty *Jove*,
 With joyful sound thrice clapt auspicious Wings,
 'Twas *Jove's* own sign, *Jove* is the Guard of Kings:
 But whom he loves as soon as he began,
 That lives the Potent, that the happy Man
 All else must yeild, and o're the Sea and Land
 With conquering Arms he spread a wide command:
 A thousand Nations boast their fruitful Plains,
 Where gentle *Jove* descends in easy rains,
 But none such Crops as sandy *Egypt* shows,
 Where *Nile* with his enriching streams o'reflows,
 And what the barren Clouds deny, bestows:
 No Nation bears, no Nation boasts to see
 So many Towns, and Men of Art as She,

Full Thirty Thousand Towns enjoy the sway
 Of *Ptolemy*, and eagerly obey :
 The stout *Phanicians* too have felt his Sword,
'Arabia, Syria, Lybia call him Lord ;
 The *Ethiopians*, the *Pamphilian* Horse,
 The *Lycians*, *Carians* own his nobler force :
 The *Isles*; for where his Navy spreads her Wings
 Homage to Him, and Peace to all she brings :
 So far his Scepters reach, and Sea, and Land
 And purling Streams obey his just Command :
 Vast Troops of Horse and Foot well arm'd for War
 So dreadful gay in graceful ranks appear,
 That e'en their proudest Foes consent to fear:
 His Treasure richer than e're known before,
 And other Kings scarce wish so great a store ;
 All Nations send their Customs every day,
 And their due Tribute to his *Ocean* pay :
 The Farmer fearless ploughs his fruitful soil,
 No Hostile Navies press the quiet *Nile* ;
 None leaps a Shore, and frights the labouring Swains,
 None robs us of our Flocks, and spoils the Plains :
 Thus *Ptolemy* secures his Land from Harms,
 So fear'd by All he sits, so great in Arms :
 So careful to preserve his antient right,

N

This

This shows a King, and for new Conquests fight :
 And yet he doth not hoord his useleſs Ore,
 As painful Ants ſtill turn their bury'd ſtore ;
 With much the Temples of the Heroes ſhine ;
 His firſt-fruits, and his gifts fill every ſhrine,
 Much Gold to powerful neighbouring Kings he ſends,
 Much to his Subjects, much to valiant Friends :
 None fam'd for Song, none great in Arts appears
 No charming voice can raviſh liſtning Ears,
 But ſtreight He favors, He rewards imparts,
 And ſends them preſents equal to their Arts :
 And therefore Poets with exalted rage
 Send down their Patron's praiſe to future Age ;
 At what more noble can the wealthy aim
 Than to ſecure a fair, and laſting Fame ?
 Of Great Atreides this remains alone,
 Whiſt are the Stores of Wealth He rais'd, are gone :
 What e're he brought from Troy hath ſcap't the light,
 And now lies bury'd in Eternal night.

He firſt his Glorious Parents made divine,
 To both He incenſe burns, and rears a ſhrine :
 How great they ſtand ! how Gems their ſhrines enfold,
 And hide the Ivory, and the poorer Gold !
 How great they ſtand ! what various goods beſtow !

Supply

Supply our wants, and guard frail Man below :
He stains red Altars with a Thousand Beasts
As Months roul round, and bring the solem Feasts :
He and his *Queen*, than whom kind *Fortune* led
No fairer Woman to a greater Bed ;
There She with joy the Natural ties improves,
And both as *Brother*, and as *Husband* loves :
This *Gods* approve, thus they themselves are ty'd,
And *Juno* lives *Jove's* Sister, and his Bride ;
Fair perfum'd *Iris* makes one Bed for both,
Where Pleasure's hightned by eternal youth :
Hail glorious *Ptolemy*, hail mighty King ;
Thee equal to the Gods my *Muse* shall sing ;
And future Age shall all my Songs approve ;
Great King, beg Vertue, and encrease of *Jove* :

N 2

Idyl

Idyllium XVIII.

*An Epithalamium at the Marriage of Helena
and Menelaus.*

To Edward Courthope Esquire.

AT *Sparta's* Palace twenty beauteous Maids,
The Pride of *Greece*, fresh Garlands crown'd their
With Hyacinth and twineing Parsly drest, (heads
Grac't joyful *Menelaus* Marriage Feast ;
When lovely *Helen* great in conquering charms
Resign'd her willing Beauty to his Arms :
They danc't around, Joy flow'd from every tongue,
And the vast Palace sounded with the Song :
And why fair Bridegroom why so sleepy grown,
And why to Bed e're shady Night comes on ?
What have you danct too much ? Wine seiz'd your head ?
Or are you drowsy, that you must to Bed ?
But if you needs must sleep, then sleep alone,
But why must *Helen* too your Bride be gone ?
Why must She leave her tender Mother thus ?
She should sit up, and play, and dance with us,

She

She should sit up till the bright Sun should rise,
And Stars recede less beauteous than her eyes :
For, *Menelaus*, She for all thy life
For Morning, Night, and Noon must be thy Wife :
O happy Bridegroom ! Thee a lucky sneeze
To *Sparta* welcom'd, where the youths of *Greece*
Her chiefest Pride, did offer humble Love,
Yet you were chose to be ally'd to *Jove* :
A Beauty, such as never *Greece* did view,
Now sleeps between the common Sheets with you :
O happy Bridegroom, what thy Bride shall bear
If like her self, it must be wondrous fair :
Two hundred *Spartan* Maids, her Equals We,
That wrestled, fought, and ran as well as She,
And e'en out did the Men ; yet none appear
A spotless Beauty if compar'd to Her :
Just as the Morning shows her lovely face,
When Winter's gone, and lazy Night withdraws,
Just so doth *Helen's* charming Beauties rise,
Tall, fair and fram'd by Nature to surprize :
As Trees a Field, swift Steeds a Chariot grace,
So *Sparta* is adorn'd by *Helen's* face :
In all the Bride doth easily excell,
None Spins with so much Art, none Weaves so well :
When

When She *Dianna* or *Minerva* sings,
 None tunes so soft as She the speaking strings ;
 That She, whose motions Charm, whose looks surprize,
 And Thousand *Cupids* wanton in her Eyes :
 Ah fair, ah lovely, of an envy'd life,
 Ah fair, and blest in being made a Wife ;
 But we will run thro yonder spacious Mead,
 And crop flesh flowry Crowns to grace thy head ;
 Mindful of *Helen* still, as tender Lambs
 Not wean'd as yet when hungry mind their Dams :
 We'll first low *Lotus* pluck, and Crowns compose
 And to thy Honor grace the shady Boughs,
 From Silver Boxes sweetest Oyls shall flow,
 And press the Flowers that rise as sweet below,
 And then inscribe this line, that all may see,
Pay due Obedience, I am Helen's Tree :
 All Joy fair Bride, and happy Bridegroom joy,
 Let kind *Latona* give a lovely Boy,
 Let *Venus*, Goddess *Venus* mutual Love,
 And lasting Riches be bestow'd by *Jove* ;
 That still they may descend, and grace the Throne
 From noble Father, to a noble Son :
 Sleep in each other Arms, and raise desire,
 Let ardent breathings fan your mutual Fire,

But

But rise betimes, forget not, we'l return
When first the crowing Cock shall wake the Morn,
When thro his feather'd throat He sends his voice :
O *Hymen*, *Hymen* at this Feast rejoyce :

Idyl-

Idyllium XIX.

On Love stung by a Bee.

When Wanton Love design'd to theive,
 And steal the Hony from the Hive,
 An impious Bee his Finger stung,
 And thus reveng'd the proffer'd wrong ;
 He blew his Fingers vext with pain,
 He stamp't, and star'd but all in vain,
 At last unable to endure
 To *Venus* runs, and begs a cure ;
 Complaining that so slight a touch
 And little thing should wound so much :
 She smil'd, and said, Son, Thou art like a Bee,
 Little, yet how great wounds are made by Thee !

Idyl

Idyllium XX.

*A Shepherd complains of the coyness of a City Maid, who
refus'd his proffer'd Kifs.*

*To His good Humor'd Friend Mr. Alexander Crook
of Wadham Colledge.*

Eunica flouted me, She scorn'd my Kifs
And when I proffer'd, answered with a hiss;
Begon rough *Shepherd* thou dost ask invain,
I faith I am not us'd to Kifs a *Swain*,
The *City Lips* I press, and only them,
Thou should not Kifs me, no, not in a Dream:
How odd thy Courtship! and how dull thy jest!
How languishing thy words, and how exprest!
How soft and sweet thy voice! thy looks how fair!
How smooth thy Chin! what Curles adorn thy Hair!
Thy Lips are broken out, and black thy hand,
Thy smell is rank, *Begon*, I shall be stain'd.
This said then thrice she spit, and view'd me round
From head to foot, and mutter'd still, and frownd,
Still scornfully she lookt, and mighty proud
Of her fair Face, she sneerd, and laught aloud,

O

My

My blood began to boyl, my face was flusht,
 And, like a Rose with Dew o'recharg'd, I blusht :
 She left me streight, but I am vext at this
 That she proud Slut should flout, when I would Kifs :
 Am I not *Handsome* ? tell me smiling Swains,
 For I was once the *Beauty* of the Plains,
 Tell me, have I no charms, no pleasing grace,
 Or hath some God oth' sudden chang'd my face ?
 For I was *handsome* once, my Cheeks were red,
 My *Beard* like *Ivy* round an Oak was spread,
 And *bushy hair* like *Parley* crown'd my head :
 My snowy forehead two black Eyebrows crost,
 My Eyes as grey as *Palla's* self could boast,
 My Mouth more sweet than Curds, my words did flow
 As smooth as Oyl, and soft as falling Snow :
 My Songs are charming, whilst my Flocks do feed
 I blow my Houghtboy, Pipe, or Oaten reed,
 Oft have I seen my *Lambs* forsake their grass
 And listning by with silent wonder gaze ;
 And all the *Country Maids* my Face esteem,
 They kifs, and beg me I would stay with them :
 Are these small charms, that she should these despise ?
 But I'm a *Shepherd Swain*, for that she flys,
 For that the *City Maids* refuse a Kifs,

Well,

Well, let them scorn, poor fools, they hardly know
 That beauteous *Bacchus*, fed a Herd below,
 Or that fair *Venus* wanton'd with a Swain,
 And fed his Cattle in the *Phrygian* Plain,
 With sweet *Adonis* oft she prov'd the Joy
 In *Groves*, in *Groves* she mourn'd the lovely Boy :
Endymion was a Swain, he kept a flock,
 And yet for him the *Moon* her Skies forfook,
 She scorn'd a *Scepter* and embrac't a *Grook* :
 One Cave held both, with him she reapt delight,
 Came down, lay by, and kist him all the night :
 E'en *Rhea* mourns a Swain, and mighty *Jove*
 Took Eagle's Wings, and bore a Swain above :
 A Swain this proud *Eunice* scorns alone,
 Better than *Venus*, *Rhea*, or the *Moon* :
Venus, the fault was yours, you taught her pride,
 May, therefore, thine, thy Love be still deny'd ;
 May you endure an injur'd Lover's pain,
 Ne're kifs thy Sweet, ne're wanton o're the Plain,
 But lye alone all night, and wish in vain.

O 2

Idyl.

Idyllium XXI.

A discourse of two Fishermen upon a Dream.

To Mr. Tho. Dunstar of Wadham Colledge.

TIS Poverty, *dear Friend*, improves our Arts,
 It teaches Wit, and working thoughts imparts;
 For Cares chase Sleep from his laborious head
 Who sweats to earn, before he eats his bread:
 If *lazy* slumbers o're his eyes do creep,
 Streight *noisy* cares rush in, and break his sleep.
 Two good old *Fishers* slept, their bed was Sedge,
 Their Roof was Straw, their Walls a rotten Hedge,
 And round just by lay Baskets, Hooks, and Lines,
 Their Wiers, Sedgy Nets, their Rods, and Skins,
 Drawn up on some old Plank a tatter'd Boat,
 Their Pillow Straw, their Rugg a ragged Coat,
 Their Caps hung by upon a broken Oar,
 These were there tackling, and this all their store.
 Not one *small Pot* upon their Shelf was laid,
 All uselefs seem'd but what concern'd their trade;
 Thus blest they liv'd, and happy in content
 With their Companions, *Poverty* and *Want*:

No neighbour near, and every rising tide
 Their *Hovel* reacht, and shook its tottering side :
 From midst of Heaven the *Moon* view'd all below,
 When dreams of Labor wakt the sleeping two ;
 Each with his Thumb wip'd rest from off his Eyes,
 And sang, and cheer'd themselves with these replies :

A. They lye, *dear friend*, that say the night decays
 When Summer comes, and *Jove* brings longer days ;

For I have seen a thousand dreams to night
 Long tedious dreams, and yet 'tis far from light ;

B. You blame the *Summer*, but unjustly blame,
 The Hours are still forc't on, their pace the same ;

But vexing Cares, that in a buisfy throng
 Disturb your head, do make night seem so long :

A. Can you interpret Dreams, Friend, tell me true,
 I've dreamt fine things, which I would tell to you :

For that will ease me, and divert my Care,
 As we our Fish, so we our Dreams will share :

B. Then tell thy friend. *A.* If you remember well
 We suppt too late, and made a spareing meal :

On yonder *shelving Rock* methought I stood,
 And stoopt, intent upon the *quiet flood* ;

I saw the Fish, my Hook let gently down,
 And shook my cheating Bait to draw them on :

A *great one* bit, (for Fish is still my Theme,
 As Dogs of bones, so I of fishes dream)
 I strook, and hung him fast, I saw the Blood,
 The weight was great, I'me sure it bent the Rod ;
 I strove to reach him, for my Line was weak,
 And faith, I fear'd my bending Hook would break,
 Dost prick me, for he prickt, I'le grasp the more,
 And so at last I drew my prey to shore ;
 A *golden Fish*, I stood amaz'd, and feard
 'Twas one of *Neptune's* own beloved herd :
 Or one of Sea green *Amphitrite's* train,
 A noble Fish, the treasure of the Main :
 I loos'd him gently, and did stricktly look
 That no small grain stuck round the rugged Hook :
 With Cords I drew him, and devoutly swore,
 That I would venture out to Sea no more ;
 But stay at home, and make my self a *King* :
 At this I wakt, do you adjust the thing,
 Pray tell me what you think, for I'me afraid
 That I am bound to keep the Oath I made :
B. Fear not, *my friend*, you did not swear, for why,
 You found no Fish, a *Vision's* but a lye :
 And therefore go, and draw the usual streams,
 Seek real Fish, nor sturve with *golden* dreams.

Idyl-

Idyllium XXII.

*A scorn'd Shepherd hangs himself, the cruel fair is
kill'd by the Statue of Cupid.*

To Mr. Rily Painter to his Majesty.

AN *Amorous* Shepherd lov'd a charming Boy,
As fair thought could frame, or wish enjoy,
Unlike his Soul, illnatur'd and unkind,
An *Angell's* body with a *Fury's* mind :
How great a *God Love* was, He scorn'd to know,
How sharp his arrows, and how strong his bow,
What rageing wounds he scatters here below.
In his address and talk fierce, rude, untame,
He gave no comfort to the *Shepherd's* flame :
No cherry Lips, no Rose his Cheeks did dye,
No pleasing Fire did sparkle in his Eye,
Where eager thoughts with fainting *Vertue* strove,
No soft discourse, nor Kifs to ease his Love :
But as a *Lion* on the *Lybian* Plain
Looks on his *Hunters*, he beheld the *Swain* :
His Lips still pouting, and his Eyes unkind,
His Forehead too was rough as was his Mind ;
His Colour gone, and every pleasing Grace
Beset by fury had forsook his face ;

Yet

Yet midst his passion, midst his frowns he mov'd,
 As these were *Charms* He was the more belov'd :
 But when or'come he could endure no more,
 He came and wept before the hated door,
 He wept and pin'd, he hung his sickly head,
 The threshold kiss, and thus at last he said :
 Ah cruel fair, and of a *Tigress* born !
 Ah *stony Boy*, compos'd of frowns and scorn :
 Unworthy of love, this Rope receive,
 The last, and wellcomst Present I can give :
 I'll never vex thee more, I'll cease to wo,
 And whether you condem'd, freely go,
 Where certain Cures for Love, as *Stories* tell,
 Where dismal shades, and dark *Oblivion* dwell :
 Yet did I drink the whole *forgetful Stream*,
 It would not drown my Love, nor quench my flame :
 Thy cruel doors I bid my last Adieu,
 Know what will come, and you shall find it true :
The Day is fair but quickly yields to shades,
The Lilly white, but when'tis pluckt it fades :
The Violet lovely, but it withers soon,
Youths beauty charming, but tis quickly gone :
 The time shall come when you, proud Boy, shall prove
 The heat of Passion, and the rage of Love :
 Then shall thy Soul melt thro thy weeping Eye,
 Whilst all shall smile, and you unpitty'd dye.

Yet

Yet grant *one* kindness, and I ask no more,
 When you shall see me hanging at the door
 Do not go proudly by, forbear to smile,
 But stay, *sweet Boy*, and gaze, and weep a while;
 Then take me down, and whilst some tears are shed,
 Thy own soft garment o're my body spread,
 And grant *one* Kiss, *one* Kiss when I am dead:
 Nere fear, for you may safely grant me this,
 I shan't revive tho you could *Love*, and Kiss:
 Then dig a Grave, there let my Love be laid,
 And when you part, say thrice, *my friend is dead*,
 Or else go farther on to please my Ghost,
 And cry, *my best, my dearest friend is lost*:
 And on my *Monument* inscribe this Rhime,
 The witness of my *Love* and of thy *Crime*,
 This Shepherd dy'd for *Love*, stay Stranger here,
 And weep, and cry, *He lov'd a cruel fair*:
 This said, he roll'd a Stone, a mighty Stone,
 Fate lent a hand behind, and pusht it on:
 High by the Wall, on this he panting rose,
 And ty'd, and fitted well the fatal noose:
 Then from the place on which before he stood
 He slipt, and hung the Door's unhappy load:
 The *Boy* came forth, and with a scornful Meinc
 And smileing look beheld the tragick Scene;

Yet

P

Hang

Hang there said He, *but O how I despise*
So base, so mean a Trophy of my Eyes!
The proudest Kings should fall by my disdain,
Too noble to be lost upon a Swain:

This said, he turn'd, and as he turn'd his head
 His Garments were polluted by the Dead;
 Thence to the Plays and to the Baths did move,
 The Bath was sacred to the God of Love;
 For there he stood in comely Majesty
 Smiles on his Cheeks, and softness in his Eye,
 That part of th' Marble wrought into his Breast
 By Power divine was softer than the rest,
 To show how Pity did exactly suit
 With Love, and was his darling Attribute:
 The God leapt forth, and dash't the Boy, the Wound
 Let out his Soul, and as it fled He groan'd.
Hail Lovers, hail, see here the scornful dyes,
A just, and acceptable Sacrifice,
Be kind, and Love for mutual Love return,
For see the God takes vengeance on my scorn.

Idyl.

Idyllium XXIII.

*Hercules in his Cradle kills two Serpents which Juno
sent to destroy him &c.*

To Mr. William Latton of Wadham Colledge.

A *Lcides* ten months old, a vigorous Child,
Alcmena fed, and laid him on a Shield,
 (The Shield from *Pterilus Amphitryo* won
 A great auspicious Cradle for his Son ;)
 With younger *Iphiclus* of human race,
 No part of him was drawn from *Jove's* embrace :
 On either head her tender hands she laid,
 And with a Mother's fondness thus she said ;
Sleep, sleep, dear Children, sleep, be free from pain,
Rest well to night, to morrow wake again :
 This said she stopt, and rockt the sounding Shield,
Iphiclus wept, and young *Alcides* smil'd :
 Sleep seiz'd on both : Now Mid-night's shade came on,
 The flying *Bear* in hast was tumbling down,
 And broad *Orion's* Shoulder did appear
 With's Sword, as still pursueing of the *Bear* ;
 When wily *Juno* full of envious hate
 Drove on two dreadful Serpents to the Gate,

She forc't the Doors, and shew'd the Open way
 Designing young *Alcides* for their prey :
 Their Scaly trains roll'd o're the trembling floor,
 Their fiery Eyes shot sulphurous flames before,
 And from their Jaws dropt clods of Putrid gore :
 When near they roll'd, and did the *Infants* touch,
 E'en Sleep it self streight fled at their approach,
 The *Children* wak't, and, by *Jove's* order, light
 Shot thro' the gloomy darkness of the Night :

Iphiclus cry'd as soon as he beheld

The Snakes twist round, and gapeing o're the Shield,
 He kickt the Cloaths, and tost, for flight prepar'd,
 As if he meant to shun the Fate he fear'd :
 But young *Alcides* stretcht his Infant hands,
 And graspt the rolling Snakes with fatal bands,
 He seiz'd their swelling throats, where stor'd by Fate
 Their Poyson lies, which e'en the *Gods* do hate :
 In that Death dips her darts, then takes her rounds,
 And on frail Mortals scatters certain wounds :
 Each twisted round the Babe a dreadful fold,
 But still he graspt, and took the firmer hold,
 The Babe, not wean'd as yet, in Mind a Man,
 He shew'd his Race as soon as he began :
 In's Nurses Arms he ne're was heard to cry,
 No tear e're dropt from his unwilling Eye :

At

At last tir'd out they both extended lay,
 The Infants spoyl, his first auspicious prey :
Alcmena's Ears first heard the tender crys,
 She started first, and said *Amphytrio*, rise ;
 Rise, rise, thy aid a sudden danger calls,
 Do'st hear how loud the *younger Infant* bawls ?
 Do'st see these Walls shine with unusual light,
 For yet the Morning hath not chac't the Night ;
 There's some strange thing, there is, Rise, rise my Dear,
 From Danger free thy *Babes*, thy *Wife* from Fear :
 She spake, *Amphitryo* rose, such hast he show'd
 As nimble Lightning from a breaking Cloud,
 He snatcht his Sword, which o're his valiant head
 Hung allways fastned to the Cedar bed,
 A strong Belt held it, tough, and neatly made,
 He graspt the Sheath, and drew the flameing Blade ;
 When streight the light withdrew its wondrous rays,
 In darkness left him; and in wild amaze :
 Still startled more, *Lights Slaves*, *Slaves Lights*, he cryes,
Lights Slaves, deep sleep sat heavy on their Eyes :
Lights Maids, They heard, and quick as the command,
 A flameing Torch now shone in every hand,
 They all rush in ; with troubled hast they come,
 And buisy throngs streight fill the crouded Room :

But

But when they saw two Snakes twist round the Child
 They shreikt, and wept ; the young *Alcides* smil'd :
 Held out the Snakes, pleas'd with the guilded fight,
 Laught at his own success, and their affright ;
 Disdain'd those Foes that with such ease He slew,
 And at his Fathers feet the Monsters threw :
 Half dead *Iphiclus* on her tender breast
Alcmena clapt, and lull'd him into rest :
 The other Babe on Skins of slaughter'd sheep
Amphitryo laid, and then return'd to sleep ;
 When thrice the Cock had Crow'd to wake the Sun,
Alcmena starting from her Bed of Down
Tiresias call'd, from whom Truth always fell,
 Scarce *Phæbus* knew the mind of Fate so well :
 She told the tale, and said, thrice reverend Seer
 Explain the meaning, I'm prepar'd to hear :
 Nor yet to pleasure me conceal the doom,
 Or bad or good, *what Fate hath wove must come* :
 Thus spake the *Queen*, and thrice his reverend Head
Tiresias shook, and thus at last he said :
 Hail mighty *Queen*, the pride of *Perses*'s blood,
 Happy, and Mother of a *future God* :
 The time shall come as years bring round the days,
 When *Grecian* Maids shall sing *Alcmena*'s praise,
 And as they weave, or whirl their Spindle round
 From every tongue *Alcmena*'s name shall sound ; The

The *Grecians* goddess thou shalt grace a shrine,
 So great thy Son shall be, and so divine!
 A generous *Hero* he shall mount on high,
 The noblest burthen of the bending Sky :
 To Him all Monsters, and all Men must yield,
 The *Tyrant's* Scourge, and the *Oppressed's* Shield :
 Twelve labors pass'd he shall the Skies enjoy,
 When *Oeta's* flames have purg'd the base alloy :
 Be call'd their Son in Law, appease their Hate
 Who rais'd these Snakes, and sent them to his Fate.
 Then Wolves shall see young Fawns approach their
 And let them part unhurt, and safe again, (Den,
 So great a Scourge he shall to Monsters prove,
 And shed such Influence from his Seat above :
 But Queen observe, and let a Pile be made,
 Green Oaks, and Ash, and Birch in order laid :
 Then cut these Snakes, observe the time they came
 To eat the Babe, and burn them o're the flame :
 At morning peep soon quench the blazing wood,
 And scatter all the Ashes o're the flood,
 And thence return, but with a steady pace,
 Nor look behind on the *polluted* place :
 Then let pure Brimstone purge the Rooms, and bring
 Clear Fountain water from the sweetest Spring ;

This

This mixt with Salt, with blooming Olives crown'd,
 Spread o're the Floor, and purge polluted ground :
 Then kill a Bore to *Jove*, that free from harms
 The Child may live, and Victory crown his Arms.

This said, he bow'd, and with a staggering gate
 For years oppress't him, reacht his Ivory Seat.
 And now the Boy, his Mother's pride, was grown
 Like rising Oaks, and thought *Amphitryo's* Son :
 In Letter's *Linus* did his Mind enlarge,
 A generous *Hero*, watchful of his charge :
Eumolpus tun'd his manly voice to sing,
 And taught his hand to strike the tuneful string :
Eurytus famous for his vast Estate
 To draw the Bow, and shoot as sure as Fate :
 To Leap, to Wrestle and to throw the Dart
 He learn't from fierce *Antolycus's* Art,
 Sweet *Hermes's* Son, who when he fought his Foe
 None dar'd, tho' distant, to behold his Brow :
 Such frightful fierceness did in's looks appear
 And shot thro' the amaz'd Spectators fear :
 To drive the Chariot, and with steady skill
 To turn, and yet not break the bending Wheel
Amphitryo kindly did instruct his Son ;
 Great in that Art, for he himself had won

Vall

Vast pretious prizes on the *Argive* Plains,
 And still the Chariot, which he drove, remains,
 For nought but eating Time could break his Reins ;
 To weild his Sword, and to assault his Foe,
 To use his Shield, and shun the comeing blow,
 To order Battles, and to raise their force,
 Close Ambush lay, and lead the furious Horse,
 Stout *Castor* taught, when he from *Argos* fled,
 Basely deserted by the force he led,
 When *Tydeus* Arms the fatal Conquest won,
 And forc't the weak *Adrastus* from his Throne :
 Few of the *Heroes* equall'd him in Fight
 E're trembling Age had put strong Youth to flight:

Thus grew the Boy his *Mother's* care and pride,
 His bed was rais'd by his great Father's side,
 Spread with a *Lion's* Skin, whose Jaws affright
 The weaker Youths, but were this Boys delight :
 When young he often would unsheath their Paws,
 And use his tender Hands to break their Jaws ;
 And when one Tooth was broke, with smiles would
 And cast his *Trophies* at his Mother's feet : (meet,
 His food was roasted flesh, his loaf was great,
 As large as e'en a labouring Swain could eat :

A spareing Meal, and unprepar'd at night,
 His Cloaths were made for covering, not delight:
 Thus hardly bred the mighty *Hero* grew,
 Well fitted for the wonders He must do.

Imperfect in the Greek,

Idyl.

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Idyllium XXIV.

A Dialogue between Daphnis and a Shepherdess.

To Thomas Powel of Wadh. Col. Esquire.

- D. **P** *Aris* a Herdsman *Helen* stole, tis said,
 And she that *kiss* me is as fair a Maid :
 S. Pride not thy self, what *empty* thing's a Kiss !
 D. And yet that *empty* thing is full of Bliss ;
 S. I wash my mouth, and thus thy Kiss disdain ;
 D. Dost wash my Dear ? then come, let's *Kiss* again :
 S. Swain thou shouldst *kiss* thy Heifer, not a Maid :
 D. Don't scorn, thy youth, like dreams, will quickly fade,
 S. The Grape, when dry, grows Raisin, and is priz'd ;
 Nor is the Rose, tho wither'd, soon despis'd :
 D. Come to these Shades, I've tales ne're told before :
 S. Once your sweet tongue deceiv'd, I'll trust no more.
 D. Go with me to those Elms, and here my Flute,
 S. Go please thy self, I hate so harsh a note :
 D. Let fear of *Venus* anger seize thy mind,
 S. A fig for *Venus*, if *Diana*'s kind ;
 D. Ah speak not thus lest she should fix her Chain,
 The noose is strong, and you may strive invain.

Q²

S. Ay,

- S. Ay, let her do't, I live *Diand's* care,
 And she shall quickly free me from her Snare,
 Hands off Rude Swain, I vow I'll scratch, forbear,
D. You must not scape, no Maid e're scap't Loves stroke,
S. I'll scape, *by Pan*, but thou shalt bear his Yoke ;
D. To meaner Swains I fear you will be kind,
S. Many have woo'd, none yet e're pleas'd my Mind :
D. And I am one that woo, and would obtain :
S. What shall I do ? Marriage is full of pain,
D. Not grief and pain, but Joy attends the Bed ;
S. Sure I have heard that Wives their Husbands dread :
D. No, no, they rule, for what should Weomen fear ?
S. Child-birth is hard, and I'me afraid to bear :
D. No fear, o're that thy own *Diana* reigns,
 And gives a speedy ease to Mother's pains :
S. Yet I'me affraid, should many Births prevail
 My Beauty fades, and then your Love may fail :
D. Yet should you bear fine Boys, a Happy Wife,
 How would you look into a future Life !
S. But come, what Joynture, Swain, if I should yeild ;
D. My Flocks, my Herds, my Woods, and all my Field :
S. Swear then, lest when enjoy'd you false should prove,
D. Never *by Pan*, if you'll consent to Love :
S. Will you a Bed, a House, and Meat provide ?
D. All this shall be the Dowry of my Bride ! Look,

Look, all these Flocks are mine, I'll still be true,

And promise you no more than I can do :

S. What shall I say when my old Friends shall blame ?

D. They'll like the Marriage when they hear my name:

S. Then tell thy name, for names do often please,

D: *Daphnis*, my Father's joy, and Mother's ease;

His name is *Lycidas* the noble Swain,

Her's *Neme*, once the Beauty of the Plain :

S. Thy race is noble, but yet mine's as good,'

D. But no ways better, for in yonder Wood

Menalcas lives, the Fountain of thy Blood.

S. Show me thy Grove, and where thy Sheep-Coat lies:

D. These are my Trees, look how my Cypress rise;

S. Feed Goats, whilst I attend the *Herdman's* Love,

D. Feed Bulls, I go to show the Maid my Grove :

S. Rude Swain, what means your hand upon my breast?

D. The Cluster's ripe, and sueing to be press'd :

Those I must pluck; oh! with what Heat they move!

And how they rise at every touch of Love!

S. I quake, pull out your hand, rude Swain, forbear;

D. Cheer up, no harm, how timerous is my Dear!

S. 'Tis Dirty, ah! look there, twill stain my Gown,

And tell my jealous friends what I have done:

D. I'll spread my Jerkin, 'tis a scurvy place

But I'm content to pay for the embrace :

S. For-

- S. Forbear, we shall be caught, I hear a noise,
 D. Tis nought but Trees that murmur at our joys ;
 S. You tear my Coat, ah me, I am undone.
 D. I'll buy a larger, and a better Gown :
 S. You promise all things now, but, when enjoy'd,
 What wilt thou give ? Love's gone when Lust is cloy'd
 You will deceive, *you Men* are all deceit,
 And *we* so willing to believe the cheat :
 D. O, could I give my Soul, what Oaths can do
 I le bind ; I must, I cannot but be true :
 S. I yeild, forgive *Diana*, O forgive,
 I liv'd thy Votary, but no more can live :
 D. Pleas'd, Ravisht, O, I'll kill in yonder Grove
 A Steer to *Venus* ; and a Bull to Love :
 S. I'me Woman grown that was a Maid before,
 D. A teeming Woman, and a Maid no more :

Thus murmuring they did their soft Heats improve,
 And went, and knew the Mystery of Love :
 She rose, and smil'd, and banisht Modesty
 Regain'd her Seat, and fate upon her Eye :
 Yet secret Pleasure thro her looks appear'd ;
 And joyful *Daphnis* went, and fed his Herd.

Idyl-

Idyllium XXV.

A short account of the Death of Pentheus the Theban King; whom his Mother and Aunts tore in Pieces for disturbing the Solemnities of Bacchus.

To Mr. Dring of Wadh. Col.

I NO, the fierce *Autonoe*, and the fair
Agan three *Thyrsi* to the Hills did bear,
In number Three; they pluckt wild Oaks and Bays,
And in plain Fields did twelve green Altars raise;
With Ivy shaded, and adorn'd with Vine,
Fair *Semele* had Three, and *Bacchus* Nine,
Bacchus the Weomen's God, and Mens delight,
These take at Day, and those receive at Night:
From Baskets then those sacred gifts they made
They gladly took, and on the Altar laid,
Mysterious gifts, to please the wondrous God,
And Honor him the way that he had show'd:
Young *Pentheus* lay in shady Hills conceal'd,
And from the Rock the wondrous rites beheld,
Autonoe spy'd him first, and cry'd aloud,
See their the great Contemner of the God;

And

And out she ran, and as she went o'rethrew
The sacred rites, which no *profane* must view :
She first grew mad, then all the rest were fir'd,
Their Fury rose as High as Rage inspir'd :
Young *Pentheus* fled when he their madness view'd,
They tuckt their Coats and eagerly pursu'd :
He cry'd, *what mean the Weomen ? Oh forbear !*
Wretch you shall feel, they answerd, *e're you hear :*
His *Mother* seiz'd, and snatcht his Head away,
And roar'd, as a fierce Tigress o're her prey,
Ino stampt on his Breast, his Arm she tore,
And fierce *Antonoe* reekt with royal gore :
Others seiz'd other Limbs, each snatcht a part,
And every hand reacht forward to his heart :
This done they shouted, and ran madly down,
And bore the *bloody Trophies* to the Town :
Deserv'd : Let none his Mighty Power offend,
Lest greater mischiefs, and vast pains attend,
Let me be good, Let me the just approve,
For this is pleasing, and the care of *Jove* :
For *Pious* Fathers on their Sons derive
Sure blessings, which the *Impious* cannot give ;
They live themselves still vext with sharp remorse,
And leave a long *Hereditary* Curse :

Hail *Bacchus* Hail, whom snatcht from Destiny
Great *Jove* secur'd, and foster'd in his Thigh :
Hail *Semele*, and all his Sisters hail,
Whose fame resounds thro every *Grecian* vale :
Their Act was just that did reward the Sin,
They showd the *Votary*, and put off the *Kin* :
Take heed *Profane*, by this Example showd,
For what the Gods inspire must needs be good.

R

Idyl-

Idyllium XXVI.

An advice to a Friend to be constant in his Love.

To Charles Viner of Wadham Colledge, Esquire.

W*ine, Friend, and Truth, the Proverb says, agree,*
 And now I'me heated take this Truth from me;
 The Secrets that lay deep, and hid before
 Now rais'd by Wine swim up, and bubble o're;
 Then take this rising Truth I ca'n't controul,
Thou dost not Love Me, Youth, with all thy Soul;
 I know it, for this half of Life I boast
 I have from you, the other half is lost:
 When e're you smile I rival Gods above,
 Grown perfect, and exalted by thy Love;
 But when you frown, and when dislike you show,
 I sink to Hell, more curst than all below;
 Yet how can this with common sense agree
 To torture one that loves, and dyes for Thee?
 But *Youth*, could my Advice thy thoughts engage,
 Mine who have learn'd Experience by my Age,
 The Counsell's good, and when a numerous store
 Of Blessings Crown Thee, Thou wilt praise me more:

On one Tree build one Nest, and build it strong,
Where no fierce Snake can creep, and seize thy young:
Now here you stand, and suddenly are gone,
You leap from Bough to Bough, and fix on none.
If any views thy Beauty, and Commends,
You streight enroll him midst your antient friends,
Whilst all your old Acquaintance laid aside,
Dear *youth* this smells of Vanity and Pride:
Love *One*, your *Equal*, love whilst Life remains,
This pleases all, and Commendation gains,
By this your Passion will but light appear
Which conquers all, and all are forc't to bear;
Love seizes all; and doth all Minds controul,
It melts the stubborn temper of my Soul;
But O I must embrace, Dear, grant one Kiss,
And thus reward, and practise my Advice.

R 2

Idyl-

Idyllium XXVII.

The Bore that kill'd Adonis is brought before Venus.

To William Kenrick of Wadham Colledge, Esquire.

WHen *Venus* saw *Adonis* dead,
 His Checks all pale, and beauty fled,
 His Hair grown stiff with clotted gore,
 And now to be belov'd no more,
 She bad her *Cupids* trace the Grove,
 And bring the Bore that kill'd her *Love* :
 They, quick as the Command, ran o're
 The Wood, and found the *hated* Bore,
 They seiz'd, and bound, strong Cords they twin'd,
 Some drew before, some drove behind,
 One twirl'd his Tail to make him go,
 Another lasht him with his Bow :
 The fearful *Beast* went trembling on,
 As conscious of the deed he done,
 His hanging looks his guilt betray'd
 Of *Venus* Fury much affraid :

When

When come, Her rage these words exprest :

Thou vilest Monster of a Beast,

Were these the cruel Tusks did tear ?

Wast Thou the ruine of my Dear ?

The *Bore*, reply'd, By thee, thy Love,

By All that's kind, and apt to move,

By what I suffer, by these chains,

And these that drive me to my pains,

I ne're had a design to kill

Thy *Fair*, it was against my Will :

But when I saw his naked Thigh

As white as polish'd Ivory,

How did my *Flame* and *Fury* rise !

How was I fir'd at the surprize !

At last unable to resist

Ah me ! too *furiously* I kist,

And this the Boys destruction brought,

And *Love* betray'd me to a fault :

These *Tusks* destroy, and punish these

The curst disturbers of thy ease,

For why should I have leave to prove

These *Tusks* that have no use in Love :

Or if the crime demands no less

These *Lips* I offer to appease :

These

These words so moveingly exprest
Calm'd all the *Fury* of her Breast,
She soon forgave, releast her Foe,
And bad her *Cupids* let him go,
But he ne're sought Woods again,
But staid attending on her train ;
And to the Funeral Pile he came,
And burnt his Tusks in the devouring flame.

Idyl.

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Idyllium XXVIII.

*He presents a Distaff to Theeugnis his Friend
Nicias his Wife.*

To Mr. Charles Whiteing of Wadham Colledge.

Distaff, thou greateſt gift on Man beſtow'd
By fair *Minerva* as the chiefſt good,
Whom wiſe and thrifty *Weomen* ſtill retain,
And raiſe their *Huſband's* fortune by their pain,
Retire with me to *Nileu's* beauteous Town,
Where ſtately ſhrines grace *Venus* and her Son,
For thither, *Diſtaff*, I am now deſign'd,
And beg of mighty *Jove* a prosperous wind,
To be enjoy'd by, and enjoy my Friend :
Nicias, in whom the ſweet tongu'd Graces reſt,
Learning it ſelf is ſeated in his Breſt,
There thou of poliſht *Ivory* fram'd ſhalt prove,
A grateful preſent to his deareſt Love ;
From thee ſhall all her *Huſband's* Veſts be ſpun,
From thee She'l often draw a flowry Gown ;
For Lambs do looſe their Fleeces twice a year
To fill her Baskets, and be wrought by her :

So

So painful is *Theugnis*, what the wife
And thrifty Matrons value, She will prize:
Nor would I send thee to an idle place
Thou product of our Country, and our grace;
For thou wert made where Walls stout *Archias* fram'd,
The Pride of *Sicily*, for valour fam'd:
Now thou shalt visit him whose wondrous skill
Can save the Men that Fate designs to kill,
Whose Herbs can soon restore a life when lost,
And by his Art bring back the flying Ghost:
That fair *Theugnis* may by all be known
To have the neatest Distaff in the Town;
And still of me her friend kind thoughts infuse,
Of me the chiefest Darling of the Muse:
There some shall see thee, and these words repeat,
The present's small, but yet the kindness great,
The Giver's Love doth little Gifts commend,
And every thing is valued from a Friend.

Idyl.

Idyllium XXIX.

Hercules going to Augias meets a Herdsman, of whom he asks the usual questions which a Stranger makes, and receives satisfaction: and is afterward brought to the King and his Son Phyleus, who were then in the Fields; By those he is invited to the Town, and in the way tells Phyleus how he had kill'd the Nemean Lion.

To Mr. Thomas Piggot of Wadham Colledge.

Imperfect in the Greek.

AND then the Herdsman, from his labouring hand
 He threw his work, thus answer'd his demand :
 I'll gladly tell what e're thy mind desires,
 This *Justice* craves, and *Mercury* requires ;
 For he of all the Gods resents it most,
 When we deny a *Stranger* what is just :
 Look, Stranger, all the numerous Herds around
 With which the Vales are fill'd, and Hills are crown'd,
 King *Augias* owns ; o're thousand Plains they spread,
 In different Meads, and various Pastures fed,
 Some on the flowry Banks of *Eli* stray,
 And some where smooth *Alpheus* eats his way ;

S

Some

Some midst the Vines in fair *Boupraesium* go,
 Some here, the Vallies tremble when they Low :
 For each of these the *King* fair Stalls hath rear'd,
 Tho numerous, large, and equal to the Herd :
 And here fresh Grass still cloaths the fruitful Plain,
 The Blades, as soon as cropt, arise again,
 For Springs cut thro the Plain, and feed the Grass,
 All fit to fatten Oxen, and increase :
 Look, on thy right hand far beyond the Flood
 The Stall appears between the shady Wood,
 Next where wild Olives, and high Planes do grow,
Apollo's shrine, to whom the Herdsmen bow,
 And own the greatest Deity below. }
 Next are the *Farmer's* Stalls, whose Labors bring
 Whole Streams of gain, and much enrich the King,
 For thrice they Plow, thrice sow the teeming soil,
 Which still invites, and still rewards their toil :
 Many large Vineyards plant, his Vines they dress.
 And sweaty Autum treads the flowing Press :
 For all these Gardens, Feilds, and Plains around
 Till yonder watry Hills the compass bound,
 King *Augias* owns, and here all day we bear
 The Heat and Cold, and urge the weighty share :

But Sir, (for I no common Aaid may prove)
 What Buifness led you to this happy Grove,
 Would you the *King*, or any *Servant* See,
 I can direct you, you fhall learn from Me :
 For fure you feem, if well I make your face,
 Great in your felf, and noble in your race ;
 How brave you look ! and what a Port you bear !
 So look the Sons of Gods when they appear :

This faid he bow'd, and *Jove's* ftout Son reply'd,
 Swain, Generous, free from Savagenefs or Pride,

I feek the *King* whom all thefe Realms obey,
 Buifness with him firft drew my Feet this way,
 If midft his Subjects now he keeps the Town,
 Divideing Juftice from his equal Throne,
 Give me a Swain to guide, a Mafter Swain,
 Who when I ask can answer me again,
 For Man is made to be a help to Man :

Thus fpake *Alcides*, Thus the Swain reply'd,
 Sir, all the way fome God your feet muft guide,
 So luckily things happen, fo confpire
 To pleafe your Mind, and answer your defire :
 Laft night King *Angias* and his valiant Son
 Young *Phyleus* left the hurry of the Town,
 They came to fpend fome days midft peaceful Swains,
 And view their wondrous riches on the Plains,

This Pains some *Princes* take, they leave their ease,
For when they watch themselves their Stores encrease:
When with Heaven's *Providence* they joyn their own,
A double guard secures their safer Throne,
But come, let's go, and both the *Prince* attend,
In yonder Stall, He'll love so great a Friend :

 This said he hastned to conduct his guest,
His wonder still at every step encrease ;
His Lions Skin, vast Club, his Mein and Face
Still hightned, still he wonder'd what he was ;
Oft he would ask, but yet as oft repress
The riseing Query in his troubled Breast,
Lest it should seem too rude, and ill design'd,
For, O, 'tis hard to know another's Mind !
Whilst yet far off the *faithful Mastiffs* knew
The noise and smell of both, and out they flew :
From every part they at the *Hero* run
With open mouths, resolv'd to tear him down :
But round the Swain they wagg'd their tails, and play'd ;
And in hoarse murmurs savage joy betray'd :
He stoopt to take up stones, they stopt their noise,
He spoke, they fear'd the thunder of his voice :
All silent fled, but yet the Swain was glad
To see his Mastiffs care, and thus he said :
What useful Creatures are these Dogs to Man !

How

How full of care! how useful to a Swain!

Had they but reason to know whom to tear,

And whom to love, what Creature could compare!

But now they'r Bruitish, then he cry'd, begone;

Each took his Stall, and lay in quiet down:

Now down the West with a descending ray

Bright *Phæbus* drove, and bore declining day:

Now shades drew on, and full of Milk and food;

The Sheep came home, and lay and chewd the Cud:

Next these the Cows and Oxen fill'd the Plain,

As thick as Clouds when *Jove* descends in rain:

When watry *Southwinds* bring their Treasures forth,

Or when They'r hudled by the stormy *North*:

No man can count them, for so fast they rise,

And follow one another thro the Skies,

Still new and new the driveing tempest brings,

And bears vast burthens on his weary Wings:

These Herds a Herdsman drove, the fields, and road

Were fill'd, the Vallies founded when they low'd:

The Stalls were crouded, and could scarce contain,

And Sheep lay round, and bleated o're the Plain:

Tho thousand Slaves stood round of every kind,

None wanted work, all had their Tasks assign'd:

One shackled *starting Cows*, and whilst they stood

He milk'd, and streight the largest Pail o'reflow'd:

One

One let the Calves to suck, they soon were fill'd
 With sweetest Milk, such stores the Cows did yield :
 Some bore the Pails, and some did run the Cheese
 Hot from the Cow, some rais'd the Wring to squeez^e,
 And some the Bulls apart from Heifers drove,
 They turn'd and bellow'd, eager on their Love :
 The *King* himself went round to every Herd,
 To see what Calves his Servants Care had rear'd :
 And whilst thro his vast Stores he trac'd the Plain,
 His *Son* and great *Alcides* made his train ;

Here tho our *Hero's* Soul great Shows despis'd,
 Was constant, fixt, too brave to be surpriz'd,
 Yet now at last his wonder rose to view,
 Such *numerous* Herds, and scarce could think 'twas true
 That *One* such stores should have, that could suffice
 Ten Kings, and fill *capacious* Avarice :
 But this was a peculiar favour shown,
 A Blessing sent by *Phæbus* on his Son,
 His Cattle still must thrive, his Herds be blest,
 And Heaven secur'd what e're the *King* possest :
 His Cows ne're cast their Calves, and no disease,
 The Herdsman's plague, was e're allow'd to seize :
 From year to year the numerous Herd encrease
 New Calves were rear'd, and still the last were best ;

Three

Three hundred Bulls, turn'd Horns grace every head,
Their legs were white, with these two hundred red,
All leapt the Cows, begot a numerous race,
And soon supply'd frail *Nature's* chance-decays,
Apart from these twelve mighty Bulls did run,
As white as Snow, and sacred to the *Sun*;
Each with his shape might tempt the *Tyrian* Queen,
They fed, were pleas'd, and wanton'd o're the Green:
And when fierce Lions from the Woods appear'd
They turn'd to fight, and still secur'd the Herd,
They bellow'd low'd, they tore the trembling ground,
And with bent foreheads aim'd a double wound:
Midst these one Bull did far excel the rest,
Call'd *Phaeton*, a stout and mighty Beast
This name the Herdsman gave deduc't from light,
For his quick Courage, and his strength in fight;
He all excell'd, was stately, valiant, fair,
As much as *Phaeton* the meanest Star:
The *Lion's* Skin, that o're the *Hero* spread
As soon as first he saw, he bent his head,
And ran to push, he quickly shun'd the wound,
His left Horn grasp't, and pull'd him to the ground,
Invain he strove, invain he spurn'd the Sand,
With doubled strength the *Hero* fixt his hand,

Then

Then urg'd his breast, and forc't the *Bull* to rear
On high, and held him Beating in the Air :
The *King*, his valiant *Son*, and all the Plain
Admir'd his strength, and thought him more than Man :

The Prince and *Hero* now dark shades grew on,
The Meadows left, and hastned to the Town :
They took a path which from the distant Stall
Thro Vine-yards led, and thro a pleasing vale,
Twas little beaten, thro a shady Grove
A soft and cool retreat for happy Love,
No heavy Clowns came there whose weighty tread
Might spoyl the verdure of the grassy bed :
And as they walkt with a Majestick look
Young *Phylens* turn'd his head, and thus he spoke :
Sir, if I guess aright, your sounding Fame
Hath reacht my Ears, tho 't has not told your name,
For one an *Argive*, valiant, stout and young
From *Aelis* came, and pleas'd the listning throng:
He said, whilst he was there, and vow'd 'twas true,
A valiant Greek a furious *Lion* slew,
Strong, cruel, bloody, that destroy'd the Swains,
The fierce *Nemean* Terror of the Plains ;
But whether *Argos* his great Birth could boast
Or *Sparta* gave, my Memory hath lost ;

But

But yet he said, tho I forget the place,
For that I mind, he was of *Perseus* race ;
You, *Sir*, I hope are he, the man that fought,
This Skin proclaims as much, and clears my doubt :
But pray inform me, 'twill afford delight
And please me much if I conjecture right,
Tell me if you are *he*, the brave, the bold,
Of whom the *Argive's* wondrous tale was told ;
Tell how the Lion fell, what strokes he stood,
And how he came to the *Nemean* Wood,
For did you seek it, you would seek in vain
For such a Monster on the *Grecian* Plain,
She breeds no such, the Bear, the Woolf, and Bore,
Unlucky Beasts, she breeds, and breeds no more ;
Hence some admire, and some the tale accuse
As if contrived to please, and to amuse :

This said he bow'd, and stept aside to show
The Path was large, and wide enough for two ;
He beg'd the *Hero* to advance more near,
That they might speak with greater ease, and hear,
He soon came forward, and whilst side by side
They walkt, he to his question thus reply'd

Brave *Augias* Son, what e're the *Prince* hath said
Is right, and his conjecture duly weigh'd,
Yet Ple inform you how the Monster fell,

And whence it came, for very few can tell;
 But most imagine 'twas design'dly sent
 To prove the base *Pheroneans* punishment,
 Neglect of Duty had provokt a God :
 The poor *Piscans* like a headlong flood
 He ravag'd o're and drown'd their Fields in Blood :
 But most the *Bembineans* felt his rage,
 And ling'ring out a miserable Age,
 This task *Eurystheus*; whom I must obey,
 Impos'd, and hop'd to see me prove the Lion's prey :
 I took my Bow, my Hollow Quiver bore
 Sharp Arrows arm'd with the *Lernean* gore,
 When e'er I draw a shaft Deaths wait around
 To guide the Dart, and enter at the wound :
 My left hand graspt my Club, strong, knotty, rude,
 With all its Bark, unpolisht from the Wood ;
 It grew on *Helicon*, I pluckt it thence
 With Roots and all, and weild for my Defence :
 Approaching to the Wood, I bent my Bow,
 My Arrow knockt, and wisht to meet my Foe,
 I lookt around, and try'd, prepar'd for fight,
 To spy the Beast, and take advantage of the sight,
 'Twas midday now, and yet no Beast appear'd,
 No track was seen, nor any roaring heard,
 No Herdsman, Swain, that might his Den declare,

All

All lay at home *chain'd* up with lavish fear;
But still I trac't the Groves, thro Woods I prest,
Resolv'd at last to find and fight the *Beast*:
For every Evening glutted with the Blood
Of slaughter'd *Beasts* he took the shady Wood;
His Maine was stiff with gore, his grisly Beard
His long Tongue lick't with Blood and foam besmeal'd;
Behind a Thicket I impatient lay
And wish't each *Minute* was the Close of day,
That I might see him; Lo at last he came,
In look as dreadful as he was in fame;
I drew my Bow, and shot, the String did sound,
And *Death* stood ready to attend the wound,
But from his side the Shaft rebounding fell,
And prov'd the hardned *Beast* was arm'd too well:
The *Lion* roar'd, he rais'd his furious Head
And lookt to see from whence the Arrow fled,
His flameing Eyes shot Fire, unsheath'd his Paws,
He gap't, and Teeth lookt dreadful in his Jaws:
I knockt *another* Arrow, drew again,
Inrag'd to see the *former* shot invain:
The Breast it strook where Life maintains her Seat,
And labouring Lungs still fan the vital Heat:
But that invain did from his *Breast* rebound,

And rais'd his Fury only, not a wound :
A *third* I drew, but e're I aim'd aright ;
The Beast perceiv'd me, and prepar'd for fight :
His *Tail* twirl'd round, his Neck was swoln with Rage,
And every Limb seem'd eager to engage,
His *Mant* stood up, his fiery Eyes did glow,
And *Crooked Back* was bent into a Bow :
And as when *Wheeler*s take a sturdy Oak,
Or Elm, and Bath it in the glowing smoak,
To make a *Wheel*, at first it bends, and stands
And then at once leaps from their grasping Hands :
So leapt the Beast at me, such Springs as these
He made, grown eager and resolv'd to seize :
But I receiv'd him, in my left I held
My Darts, and a thick garment was my Shield,
My Right did weild my Club, and aim'd a Blow,
As He was leaping forward, at his Brow,
A lucky blow, but on the hardned bones
It broke, the *Lion* sigh'd in hollow groans ;
Some steps retir'd, as if all *Sense* was fled,
And stood with shakeing Legs, and dizzy'd head :
Mists seiz'd his Eyes, and an amazeing pain
Ran thro the crazy Vessels of his Brain :
This I observ'd, and now an easy prey

I threw my Quiver and my shafts away
And seiz'd his Neck ; and whilst his Sense was gone
I grip'd him hard, and kept the *Lion* down ;
My Gripes I doubled, and behind I prest,
Lest his sharp Paws should tear my adverse Breast,
On's hinder Feet I trod, and squeez'd his Thighs
With mine, He spurn'd invain and strove to rise :
At last o'recome when he had strove invain
He lay extended on the fatal Plain,
I held him *breathless*, did his force controul,
And gapeing *Hell* receiv'd his mighty Soul :
Then next I sought how I might gain the Spoils,
And with his pretious Skin reward my toyls ;
The task was hard, for neither Wood, nor Stone,
Nor Steel could pierce, and make the Skin my own :
But then some *God* did happy thoughts infuse,
The Paws he shew'd, and taught me those to use :
I did, and flead him, and the Hide I bear
To be my strong security in War :
Thus fell the Beast by which such numbers fell,
And fled amidst his slaughter'd Heaps to Hell.

Idyl-

Idyllium XXX.

The Fight between Amycus and Pollux : This Amycus being excellently well skill'd at Whirlebats, made a Decree that whatever Stranger came into his Country should fight with him ; after he had slain a great many, Pollux at last overcomes him.

To Mr. Robert D'oyly of Wadham Colledge.

Fair *Leda's* Sons and mighty *Jove's* I sing
Castor and *Pollux* Glories of the Ring,
 None tofs their Whirlebats with so brave a force,
 None guide so well the Fury of their Horse,
 With trebled Songs I sing the glorious Two,
 The great supports and helps of *Man* below,
 When midst destructive Wars swift dangers press,
 Or stormy Stars send Tempests o're the Seas ;
 They tofs the Floods, and raise the swelling Tide
 At Poop or Prow, and dash on either side,
 Or pour into the Ship, the Planks and Masts
 Are torn, nor can the Sails endure the Blasts,
 But rent hang uselefs ; Storms of Hail and Rain
 From Heaven descend, and beat the Spacious Main :

The

The Waters roar, the Troubled Ocean raves
 Whilst Hail and Stormy Winds do beat the Waves
 Yet then you draw the Ship from deepest Seas,
 And those that look'd for Death are cheer'd with ease ;
 The Clouds all fly and Storms strickt silence keep,
 And a smooth Calmness spreads o're all the Deep :
 Bright Stars appear, and with a beauteous ray
 Prefage good voyages, and shew the way :
 Great helps to Man, of Both my Muse must write
 Both skill'd in Horses, singing, and in fight,
 But Muse, whose Praises must I first rehearse ?
 Sing Both, first *Pollux* grace thy founding Verse :

When *Argo's* Sails had scap't the closeing Shores,
 And swept cold *Pontus* with her nimble Oars,
 She toucht *Bebryca*, forc't by prosperous fate,
 The Sons of *Gods* and *Heroes* were her freight :
 And there they landed ; when they came to land
 Some rais'd Grass-beds, and by their Lords command }
 Some dress'd their Meat upon the naked Sand : }
Castor and *Pollux* weary of the Floods
 Left all their Mates, and trac'd the shady Woods :
 And as they gaz'd, beneath a gloomy Cave
 They saw a Spring roul on a purling wave,
 Like Silver pure, and round on every part.

Con-

Contriv'd by prudent Nature's happy art
 Small Fountains flow'd, and bubbled o're the Grass,
 As clear as Chrystal, and as smooth as Glass:
 Tall Firs and Planes, and Cypress shade the Streams,
 Defending from the Fury of the Beams, (brings
 The Banks were crown'd with Flowers, which Nature
 For Bees, and to embalm the dying Springs:
 By this a Man in shineing Armour sat,
 Frightful his look, and terrible as Fate:
 His Face was full of Knubs, how large his Chest?
 His Shoulders broad and equal to his Breast:
 His Flesh like Brass, more hard the more he fought,
 Like a *Colossus* on an Anvil wrought:
 And as tall Rocks that have long time withstood
 The numerous whirlings of a rapid Flood,
 At last grow round, but yet unconquer'd stand,
 So lookt the swelling Muscles on his hand;
 And o're his Shoulders hung a Lion's Skin
 Clapt by the golden Paws beneath his Chin;
 With some surprise and wonder in his look
 Brave *Pollux* view'd him, and at last he spoke:
 P. Health Sir, what Nations plough this happy shore?
 A. How health, when I see men ne're seen before?
 P. Fear not, we're honest, and no danger's near;

A. I do not, nor need you bid me not fear :

P. Your Answer's rude, your manners are untame,

A. What's that ? Sir, as you see me, such I am :

But what have you to do to tread these shores,

Did e're I come to trouble you on yours ?

P. Sir if you did you should be entertain'd,

Be grac't with gifts, and treated as a friend :

A. Talk not of Presents thus, thy gifts I scorn,

Nor have I any ready to return :

P. May I not tast the Streams that idly flow ?

A. If Thirst hath scorcht thy Bowels thou shalt know :

P. Here's Gold, I'll give you any price to gain :

A. Then you must fight a single Man to Man :

Set foot to foot, and stedd' Eyes advance,

And use your greatest skill, nor trust to Chance :

P. Whom must I fight with ? must I beat the Air ?

A. Thy match is ready, and thy equal near :

P. And what's the prize ? what must the Conqueror have ?

A. The conquer'd, Sir, shall be the Conqueror's Slave :

P. This is Cock's sport, not fit for generous Men,

Where the dull Dastard leaves the Cackling Hen .

A. Or Cock's or Lion's, I'm resolv'd on this :

I than myself can stake no worthier prize :

This said, *Amycus* did his Trumpet sound,

The Vallies rung, and eccho'd all around,
 Thro every distant Field the noise was heard,
 And Crouds of stout *Bebrycians* soon appear'd :
 Whilst from the Ship the thronging *Heroes* press,
 To view the Fight and judge of the Success, (brac't
 Now were their *Whirlbats* bound, rough Thongs em-
 Their knotty Arms, and ty'd their *Weapons* fast :
 Out they advanc't, and each with Fury shook,
 They breath'd Defiance, Terror in their look :
 Here was a noble strife of Art begun
 Who on his Back should gain the setting Sun,
 And *Pollux* gain'd it, the descending Rays
 Shone full in mighty *Amycus's* Face :
 Inrag'd at this his headlong Fury role,
 And he rusht on, and doubled all his blows,
 But *Pollux* soust his Cheek, it flow'd with gore,
 He saw his Blood, and then he rag'd the more :
 The Fight grew hotter, like a mighty Oak
 He backward bent to take the greater stroke,
 Shouts the *Bebrycians* gave, and rais'd his Heat,
 The *Heroes* cheer'd stout *Pollux* with as great,
 For they all fear'd lest forc't to narrow streights
Pollux should fall beneath the threatned weights :
 But he with dextrous skill and watchful Art

Still shunn'd the strokes, secure on every part,
 He ply'd him hard, and did his force controul,
 Tho great his Courage, furious was his Soul :
 Doz'd with the strokes the nodding *Hero* stood,
 And from his Mouth flow'd Streams of clotted Blood :
 The *Grecians* shouted when they view'd the blows,
 And saw his broken Cheeks, and batter'd Nose,
 His Eyes contracted in his swelling Face,
 And by their shoutings doubled the disgrace :
 The *Prince* still eager prest, he ply'd him hard,
 And with false strokes soon beat him from his guard,
 And, when he saw him staggering, aim'd a blow,
 The stroke was sure, and smote his haughty Brow,
 The *Ball* return'd as from a hardned Stone,
 But tore the Flesh, and left the naked Bone :
 O'recome by this and yielding to the wound
 The *Hero* fell, and bit the bloody ground ;
 But rose, and then a fiercer Fight began,
 Inraged by his Disgrace, and by his pain :
 Both tost their *Whirlbats*, and vast wounds bestow'd,
 With Blood and Sweat their labouring Bodies flow'd :
 Stout *Amycus* still aim'd at Hands and Breast,
 And with redoubled force he bravely prest,
 But wiser *Pollux* every fatal blow

Aim'd at his Head, and craz'd his nodding Brow :
His limbs grew less, his color turn'd to pale,
And from a *mightry Giant* shrunk to *small*,
But *Pollux* seem'd to grow, he lookt more great,
His color better, and increast by Heat ;

But *Muse*, how *Pollux* did the *Hero* quell
What stroke he gave, explain, for you can tell,
I sing as you direct, your voice obey,
And gladly follow, when you lead the way :
Designing now to push the Combat on
He seiz'd on *Pollux* left hand with his own,
Bending to shun the stroke, and closeing nigh
Reacht out his right, and graspt his Brawny Thigh :
But he his body bow'd, and broke the Lock,
And at his *Temple* aim'd a fatal stroke,
Just where the vital powers their Seats maintain,
And work new *Spirits* to support the Brain,
There fell the Blow ; wide gap'd the horrid wound
To let in *Fate*, and the vast *Hero* groan'd :
The blood sprang out, his mouth his left-hand smote
And shatter'd Teeth fell down his batter'd throat :
His Cheeks were beaten close, his Nose grew flat,
And trebled Blows still urg'd his hasty Fate :
The *Hero* fell extended o're the Plain,

Gave

Gave o're the Fight, nor could he rise again,
 His hands stretcht out, as, whilst he breath'd his last,
 He meant to keep off Fate that came too fast,
 Here no proud word, and no disdainful Eye
 On thy lost Foe did stain thy Victory ;
 But he by his great Father *Neptune* swore,
 That he would never injure *Strangers* more :

Thus have I *Pollux* sung, and paid my due,
 My next, great *Castor*, must be grac't by you.

*Castor and Pollux had taken away Phæbe and Talaris the Daughters of Lucippus, who were betroth'd to Lynceus and Idas the Sons of Aphareus: AWAREN-
 SING Castor kills Lynceus, and Idas is slain by Thunder.*

NOW had the Valiant Sons of mighty *Jove*,
 Grown fierce and too injurious by their Love
Lucippus Daughters seiz'd, and forc't away
 Their beauteous prize, and melancholly prey :
Aphareus Sons pursu'd, resolv'd to try
 Their Force, and gain their promis'd Brides, or dye ;
 Both sides now meet at brave *Aphareus* Tomb,
 Which Fate design'd the *Lovers* Field of doom ;
 All from their Chariots leap, for fight prepare,
 Well arm'd, and well appointed for the War :
 When *Lynceus* thus beneath his Helmet spoke,
 The *Vallies* Echo'd, and the *Mountains* shook :
 What means this rage, this impious violence,

To

To ravish first, then fight in its defence ?
 What mean the Shields and Spears, these *Iron* bands,
 And naked Weapons in your threatening Hands ?
Lucippus Daughters are by right our due,
Betroth'd to us before e're *known* to you :
 His *Oaths* confirm'd it, and 'twas base by stealth
 To covet others right, and others wealth ;
 By gifts to bribe him, and his mind pervert,
 And win by Art, unable by desert ;
 And often I, your base designs to check,
 Have said, tho I can better fight than speak ;
 Unprincely 'tis to court another's Spouse,
 And tempt weak *Innocence* to break her Vows :
Sparta and *Elis* breed a numerous race,
 All perfect Beauties both in mind and face :
 There you may Court, and whom you please may have,
 What Parents will refuse the rich and brave ?
 Permit *our* Match, let us *our* right pursue,
 And we will joyn to find fit *Brides* for you :
 These were my words, but these the wanton Winds
 Bore to the floods, they never reacht your Minds,
 For both inexorably bent appeard,
 You heard, but ne're regarded what you heard :
 Yet now be *just*, our promis'd Brides restore,
 For we are Kin, and then I ask no more :
 But if you needs must fight, if War desire,
 If nought but Blood can quench your lustful fire ;
 Let *Pollux* and let *Idas* Arms forbear,
 And never try the hated chance of War ;
 Let, *Castor*, you and I the fight maintain,
 And see whose Courage shows the bravest Man :
 For this will give our Friends sufficient proof,
 And if one falls there will be loss enough ;

Let

Let some survive to chear our drooping friends,
 And wed the Maids, and make them just amends :
 For this is friendly to restrain our heat, (great.
 And make the loss but *small*, when the Contention's

Thus *Lyncæus* spoke, to this both sides agree,
 And *Jove* confirm'd it by his fixt decree ;
Pollux and *Idas* laid there Armour by,
 Attending on their *Brother's* Victory :
Lyncæus did first within the lists appear
 Beneath his Shield he shook his threatening Spear,
 Then *Castor* came, strong Shields did guard their Breasts,
 And on their *Helmets* nodded dreadful Crests ;
 First with their Spears began the noble strife,
 Each sought to find an open pass to Life ;
 But all in vain, the Shields the strokes endur'd,
 Their Spears were blunted, and the Men secur'd ;
 Their Swords they drew, the *Blades* like *Lightning* shone
 Before the *Thunderbolt* falls swiftly down ;
 Now rose their Fury, *Castor* bravely prest,
 He pierc't his Shield and chopt the waving Crest ;
 And many thrusts the quick-ey'd *Lyncæus* made
 The Shield, and Crest once felt his furious Blade :
 But *Castor* stepping backward reacht a blow,
 And strook his Wrist, and tam'd his haughty foe,
 Disabled thus, and grown unfit for fight
 He dropt his weapon, and prepar'd for flight
 To his great *Father's* Tomb, where *Idas* sate,
 A sad Spectator of his *Brother's* Fate :
 But *Castor* soon pursu'd, close thrusts he made,
 And thro his Belly forc't his thundering Blade ;
 Out rusht his Bowels thro the gapeing wound,
 And he fell forward on the shakeing ground,
 Cold *Death* came on and did his heart surprize,

And

And Sleep Eternal fate upon his Eyes.

Nor did his Mother valiant *Idas* lead
 With pious wishes to his Marriage bed,
 For to revenge falln *Lynceus* hasty doom
 He tore a Pillar from the sacred Tomb,
 To dart at *Castor*; dreadfully he stood,
 The fierce Revenger of his Brother's blood;
Jove interpos'd, and by his strickt command
 Swift Lightning strook the Marble from his hand,
 He strove to reach it, but his Soul was fir'd,
 He fell, and in no Common Destiny expir'd:
 Thus must the *Brothers* still victorious prove,
 So Great in Courage, and ally'd to *Jove*.

Hail *Leda's* Sons, still vigorous strength infuse,
 And still preserve the Honor of my Muse:
You, Helen, and the *Valiant Brave* that strove
 At *Troy* for Injur'd *Menelaus* Love,
 Poets have serv'd, for with exalted rage
 They tell your fame, and spread thro future Age;
Homer hath rais'd it with a lofty thought,
 He writes with the same Spirit that you fought;
 He sings the *Grecian* fleet, grave *Nestor's* care,
 And brave *Achilles*, fortrefs of the War:
 I bring the Tribute of a meaner Muse,
 Those humble strains her spareing Heats infuse;
 Yet this is all, the best that I can do,
 The utmost that my Talent will allow:
 And to the *Gods*, let Riches vainly strive,
Songs are the greatest present Men can give.

FINIS.

